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Goldsmith

Wilhelm Kunze.

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THE
V I C A R
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A T A L E.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.

The FOURTH EDITION.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for CARNAN and NEWBERY, at
No. 65. in St. Paul's Church-yard.

MDCCLXX.

**Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München**

C O N T E N T S
O F T H E
S E C O N D V O L U M E.

C H A P. I.

TH E history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty, but losing content, page 1

C H A P. II.

The short continuance of friendship among the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction, 35

C H A P. III.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom, 55

None

CONTENTS.

CHAP. IV.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable, 65

CHAP. V.

Fresh calamities, 77

CHAP. VI.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it, 89

CHAP. VII.

A reformation in the gaol. To make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish, 101

CHAP. VIII.

The same subject continued, 115

Happiness

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. IX.

Happiness and misery rather the result of
prudence than of virtue in this life.
Temporal evils or felicities being re-
garded by heaven as things merely in
themselves trifling and unworthy its care
in the distribution, 125

C H A P. X.

The equal dealings of providence demon-
strated with regard to the happy and the
miserable here below. That from the
nature of pleasure and pain, the wretch-
ed must be repaid the balance of their
sufferings in the life hereafter, 151

C H A P. XI.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let
us be inflexible, and fortune will at last
change in our favour, 163

Former

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XII.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest, 183

CHAP. XIII.

The Conclusion, 217

C H A P. I.

The history of a philosophic vagabond,
pursuing novelty, but losing content.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of. 'Why, 'aye my son,' cried I, 'you left me but 'poor, and poor I find you are come back; and yet I make no doubt you have 'seen a great deal of the world'———
'Yes, Sir,' replied my son, 'but travelling after Fortune, is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late, I have

‘ desisted from the pursuit.’——‘ I fancy,
‘ Sir,’ cried Mrs. Arnold, ‘ that the ac-
‘ count of your adventures would be amu-
‘ sing: the first part of them I have often
‘ heard from my niece; but could the
‘ company prevail for the rest, it would be
‘ an additional obligation.’——‘ Madam,’
replied my son, ‘ I promise you the plea-
‘ sure you have in hearing, will not be
‘ half so great as my vanity in repeating
‘ them, and yet in the whole narrative I
‘ can scarce promise you one adventure,
‘ as my account is rather of what I saw
‘ than what I did. The first misfortune
‘ of my life, which you all know, was
‘ great; but though it distressed, it could
‘ not sink me. No person ever had a bet-
‘ ter knack at hoping than I. The less
‘ kind I found Fortune at one time, the
‘ more I expected from her another, and
‘ being now at the bottom of her wheel,
‘ every new revolution might lift, but
‘ could not depress me. I proceeded,
‘ therefore, towards London in a fine
‘ morn-

‘ morning, no way uneasy about to-mor-
‘ row, but chearful as the birds that ca-
‘ rolled by the road, and comforted my-
‘ self with reflecting, that London was the
‘ mart where abilities of every kind
‘ were sure of meeting distinction and re-
‘ ward.

‘ Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first
‘ care was to deliver your letter of recom-
‘ mendation to our cousin, who was himself
‘ in little better circumstances than I.
‘ My first scheme, you know, Sir, was to
‘ be usher at an academy, and I asked his
‘ advice on the affair. Our cousin re-
‘ ceived the proposal with a true Sardonic
‘ grin. Aye, cried he, this is indeed a
‘ very pretty career, that has been chalked
‘ out for you. I have been an usher at a
‘ boarding school myself; and may I die
‘ by an anodine necklace, but I had ra-
‘ ther be an under turnkey in Newgate.
‘ I was up early and late: I was brow-beat
‘ by the master, hated for my ugly face

4 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

‘ by the mistress, worried by the boys
‘ within, and never permitted to stir out
‘ to meet civility abroad. But are you
‘ sure you are fit for a school? Let me
‘ examine you a little. Have you been
‘ bred apprentice to the business? No.
‘ Then you won’t do for a school. Can
‘ you dress the boys hair? No. Then
‘ you won’t do for a school. Have you
‘ had the small pox? No. Then you
‘ won’t do for a school. Can you lie
‘ three in a bed? No. Then you will
‘ never do for a school. Have you got a
‘ good stomach? Yes. Then you will
‘ by no means do for a school.” No, Sir,
‘ if you are for a genteel easy profession,
‘ bind yourself seven years as an appren-
‘ tice to turn a cutler’s wheel; but avoid
‘ a school by any means. Yet come, con-
‘ tinued he, I see you are a lad of spirit
‘ and some learning, what do you think
‘ of commencing author, like me? You
‘ have read in books, no doubt, of men
‘ of genius starving at the trade: At pre-
‘ sent

‘ sent I’ll shew you forty very dull fellows
 ‘ about town that live by it in opulence.
 ‘ All honest jog-trot men, who go on
 ‘ smoothly and duly, and write history
 ‘ and politics, and are praised : men, Sir,
 ‘ who, had they been bred cobblers, would
 ‘ all their lives have only mended shoes,
 ‘ but never made them.

‘ Finding that there was no great de-
 ‘ gree of gentility affixed to the character
 ‘ of an usher, I resolved to accept his pro-
 ‘ posal ; and having the highest respect for
 ‘ literature, hailed the antiqua mater of
 ‘ Grubstreet with reverence. I thought
 ‘ it my glory to pursue a track which Dry-
 ‘ den and Otway trod before me. I con-
 ‘ sidered the goddess of this region as the
 ‘ parent of excellence ; and however an
 ‘ intercourse with the world might give
 ‘ us good sense, the poverty she granted
 ‘ I supposed to be the nurse of genius !
 ‘ Big with these reflections, I sat down,
 ‘ and finding that the best things remained

‘ to be said on the wrong side, I resolved
 ‘ to write a book that should be wholly
 ‘ new. I therefore dressed up three para-
 ‘ doxes with some ingenuity. They were
 ‘ false, indeed, but they were new. The
 ‘ jewels of truth have been so often im-
 ‘ ported by others, that nothing was left
 ‘ for me to import but some splendid
 ‘ things that at a distance looked every bit
 ‘ as well. Witness you powers what fan-
 ‘ cied importance fate perched upon my
 ‘ quill while I was writing. The whole
 ‘ learned world, I made no doubt, would
 ‘ rise to oppose my systems; but then I
 ‘ was prepared to oppose the whole learn-
 ‘ ed world. Like the porcupine I fate
 ‘ self-collected, with a quill pointed
 ‘ against every opposer.’

‘ Well said, my boy,’ cried I, ‘ and
 ‘ what subject did you treat upon? I hope
 ‘ you did not pass over the importance of
 ‘ Monogamy. But I interrupt, go on;
 ‘ you published your paradoxes; well, and
 ‘ what

‘ what did the learned world say to your
‘ paradoxes ?’

‘ Sir,’ replied my son, ‘ the learned
‘ world said nothing to my paradoxes;
‘ nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them
‘ was employed in praising his friends and
‘ himself, or condemning his enemies;
‘ and unfortunately, as I had neither, I
‘ suffered the cruelest mortification, ne-
‘ glect.

‘ As I was meditating one day in a cof-
‘ fee-house on the fate of my paradoxes,
‘ a little man happening to enter the room,
‘ placed himself in the box before me,
‘ and after some preliminary discourse,
‘ finding me to be a scholar, drew out a
‘ bundle of proposals, begging me to
‘ subscribe to a new edition he was going
‘ to give the world of Propertius, with
‘ notes. This demand necessarily pro-
‘ duced a reply that I had no money; and
‘ that concession led him to inquire into

8 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

‘ the nature of my expectations. Find-
‘ ing that my expectations were just as
‘ great as my purse, I see, cried he, you
‘ are unacquainted with the town. I’ll
‘ teach you a part of it. Look at these
‘ proposals, upon these very proposals I
‘ have subsisted very comfortably for
‘ twelve years. The moment a nobleman
‘ returns from his travels, a Creolian ar-
‘ rives from Jamaica, or a dowager from
‘ her country seat, I strike for a subscrip-
‘ tion. I first besiege their hearts with
‘ flattery, and then pour in my proposals
‘ at the breach. If they subscribe readily
‘ the first time, I renew my request to beg
‘ a dedication fee. If they let me have
‘ that, I smite them once more for en-
‘ graving their coat of arms at the top.
‘ Thus, continued he, I live by vanity,
‘ and laugh at it. But between ourselves,
‘ I am now too well known, I should be-
‘ glad to borrow your face a bit: a noble-
‘ man of distinction has just returned from
‘ Italy; my face is familiar to his porter;
‘ but

‘ but if you bring this copy of verses, my
‘ life for it you succeed, and we divide the
‘ spoil.’

‘ Bless us, George,’ cried I, ‘ and is
‘ this the employment of poets now ! Do
‘ men of their exalted talents thus stoop
‘ to beggary ! Can they so far disgrace
‘ their calling, as to make a vile traffic of
‘ praise for bread ?’

‘ O no, Sir,’ returned he, ‘ a true poet
‘ can never be so base ; for wherever there
‘ is genius there is pride. The creatures
‘ I now describe are only beggars in rhyme.
‘ The real poet, as he braves every hard-
‘ ship for fame, so he is equally a coward
‘ to contempt, and none but those who
‘ are unworthy protection condescend to
‘ solicit it.

‘ Having a mind too proud to stoop
‘ to such indignities, and yet a fortune too
‘ humble to hazard a second attempt for
‘ fame, I was now obliged to take a mid-
‘ dle course, and write for bread. But I

‘ was unqualified for a profession where
 ‘ mere industry alone was to ensure success.
 ‘ I could not suppress my lurking passion
 ‘ for applause; but usually consumed that
 ‘ time in efforts after excellence which
 ‘ takes up but little room, when it should
 ‘ have been more advantageously employed
 ‘ in the diffusive productions of fruitful
 ‘ mediocrity. My little piece would there-
 ‘ fore come forth in the mist of periodical
 ‘ publication, unnoticed and unknown.
 ‘ The public were more importantly em-
 ‘ ployed than to observe the easy simplicity
 ‘ of my style, or the harmony of my periods.
 ‘ Sheet after sheet was thrown off to obli-
 ‘ vion. My essays were buried among the
 ‘ essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures
 ‘ for the bite of a mad dog; while Philau-
 ‘ tos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Phi-
 ‘ lanthropos, all wrote better, because
 ‘ they wrote faster, than I.

‘ Now, therefore I began to associate
 ‘ with none but disappointed authors, like
 ‘ myself, who praised, deplored, and de-
 ‘ spised

‘spised each other. The satisfaction we
 ‘found in every celebrated writer’s at-
 ‘tempts, was inverfely as their merits. I
 ‘found that no genius in another could
 ‘please me. My unfortunate paradoxes
 ‘had entirely dried up that fource of com-
 ‘fort. I could neither read nor write
 ‘with fatisfaction; for excellence in an-
 ‘other was my averfion, and writing was
 ‘my trade.

‘In the midft of thefe gloomy reflec-
 ‘tions, as I was one day fitting on a bench
 ‘in St. James’s park, a young gentleman
 ‘of diftinction, who had been my inti-
 ‘mate acquaintance at the univerfity, ap-
 ‘proached me. We faluted each other
 ‘with fome hesitation, he almoft afhamed
 ‘of being known to one who made fo
 ‘fhabby an appearance, and I afraid of a
 ‘repulfe. But my fufpicions foon va-
 ‘nifhed; for Ned Thornhill was at the
 ‘bottom a very good natured fellow.’

‘What did you say, George?’ interrupted I. ‘Thornhill, was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord.’———‘Bless me,’ cried Mrs. Arnold, ‘is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.’

‘My friend’s first care,’ continued my son, ‘was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own cloaths, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half-friend, half-underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when we had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the corkscrew; to stand Godfather
‘to

‘ to all the butler’s children ; to sing when
‘ I was bid ; to be never out of humour ;
‘ always to be humble, and, if I could, to
‘ be very happy.

‘ In this honourable post, however, I was
‘ not without a rival. A captain of ma-
‘ rines, who was formed for the place by
‘ nature, opposed me in my patron’s affec-
‘ tions. His mother had been laundress
‘ to a man of quality, and thus he early
‘ acquired a taste for pimping and pedi-
‘ gree. As this gentleman made it the stu-
‘ dy of his life to be acquainted with lords,
‘ tho’ he was dismissed from several for his
‘ stupidity ; yet he found many of them
‘ who were as dull as himself, that per-
‘ mitted his assiduities. As flattery was
‘ his trade, he practised it with the easiest
‘ address imaginable ; but it came auk-
‘ ward and stiff from me ; and as every
‘ day my patron’s desire of flattery en-
‘ creased, so every hour being better ac-
‘ quainted with his defects, I became more
‘ unwilling to give it. Thus I was once
‘ more

‘ more fairly going to give up the field to
‘ the captain, when my friend found occa-
‘ sion for my assistance. This was no-
‘ thing less than to fight a duel for him,
‘ with a gentleman whose sister it was pre-
‘ tended he had used ill. I readily com-
‘ plied with his request, and though I see
‘ you are displeased at my conduct, yet as
‘ it was a debt indispensably due to friend-
‘ ship, I could not refuse. I undertook
‘ the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and
‘ soon after had the pleasure of finding
‘ that the lady was only a woman of the
‘ town, and the fellow her bully and a
‘ sharper. This piece of service was re-
‘ paid with the warmest professions of gra-
‘ titude ; but as my friend was to leave
‘ town in a few days, he knew no other
‘ method of serving me, but by recom-
‘ mending me to his uncle Sir William
‘ Thornhill, and another nobleman of
‘ great distinction, who enjoyed a post
‘ under the government. When he was
‘ gone, my first care was to carry his re-
‘ commendatory letter to his uncle, a man
‘ whose

‘ whose character for every virtue was uni-
 ‘ versal, yet just. I was received by his
 ‘ servants with the most hospitable smiles;
 ‘ for the looks of the domestics ever transfused
 ‘ their master’s benevolence. Being
 ‘ shewn into a grand apartment, where
 ‘ Sir William soon came to me, I delivered
 ‘ my message and letter, which he read,
 ‘ and after pausing some minutes, Pray,
 ‘ Sir, cried he, inform me what you have
 ‘ done for my kinsman, to deserve this
 ‘ warm recommendation? But I suppose,
 ‘ Sir, I guess your merits, you have fought
 ‘ for him; and so you would expect a reward
 ‘ from me for being the instrument
 ‘ of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that
 ‘ my present refusal may be some punishment
 ‘ for your guilt; but still more, that
 ‘ it may be some inducement to your repentance.
 ‘ —————The severity of this
 ‘ rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew
 ‘ it was just. My whole expectations
 ‘ now, therefore, lay in my letter to the
 ‘ great man. As the doors of the nobility

‘ lity are almost ever beset with beg-
‘ gars, all ready to thrust in some fly
‘ petition, I found it no easy matter to
‘ gain admittance. However, after brib-
‘ ing the servants with half my worldly
‘ fortune, I was at last shewn into a spa-
‘ cious apartment, my letter being previ-
‘ ously sent up for his lordship’s inspection.
‘ During this anxious interval I had full
‘ time to look round me. Every thing
‘ was grand, and of happy contrivance;
‘ the paintings, the furniture, the gild-
‘ ings, petrified me with awe, and raised
‘ my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I
‘ to myself, how very great must the pos-
‘ sessor of all these things be, who carries
‘ in his head the business of the state,
‘ and whose house displays half the wealth
‘ of a kingdom: sure his genius must
‘ be unfathomable! During these awful
‘ reflections I heard a step come heavily
‘ forward. Ah, this is the great man him-
‘ self! No, it was only a chambermaid.
‘ Another foot was heard soon after. This
‘ must

‘ must be He! No, it was only the great
‘ man’s valet de chambre. At last his
‘ lordship actually made his appearance.
‘ Are you, cried he, the bearer of this
‘ here letter? I answered with a bow. I
‘ learn by this, continued he, as how that
‘ ———But just at that instant a servant de-
‘ livered him a card, and without taking
‘ farther notice he went out of the room,
‘ and left me to digest my own happiness
‘ at leisure. I saw no more of him, till
‘ told by a footman that his lordship was
‘ going to his coach at the door. Down
‘ I immediately followed, and joined my
‘ voice to that of three or four more, who
‘ came, like me, to petition for favours.
‘ His lordship, however, went too fast for
‘ us, and was gaining his chariot door
‘ with large strides, when I hallowed out
‘ to know if I was to have any reply. He
‘ was by this time got in, and muttered
‘ an answer, half of which I only heard,
‘ the other half was lost in the rattling of
‘ his chariot wheels. I stood for some
‘ time with my neck stretched out, in the
‘ posture

‘ posture of one that was listening to catch
 ‘ the glorious sounds, till, looking round
 ‘ me, I found myself alone at his lord-
 ‘ ship’s gate.

‘ My patience,’ continued my son, ‘ was
 ‘ now quite exhausted : stung with the
 ‘ thousand indignities I had met with, I
 ‘ was willing to cast myself away, and on-
 ‘ ly wanted the gulph to receive me. I
 ‘ regarded myself as one of those vile
 ‘ things that nature designed should be
 ‘ thrown by into her lumber room, there
 ‘ to perish in obscurity. I had still, how-
 ‘ ever, half a guinea left, and of that I
 ‘ thought Fortune herself should not de-
 ‘ prive me : but in order to be sure of this,
 ‘ I was resolved to go instantly and spend it
 ‘ while I had it, and then trust to occur-
 ‘ rences for the rest. As I was going
 ‘ along with this resolution, it happened
 ‘ that Mr. Crispe’s office seemed inviting-
 ‘ ly open to give me a welcome reception.
 ‘ In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all
 ‘ his

‘ his majesty’s subjects a generous promise
 ‘ of 30l. a year, for which promise all
 ‘ they give in return is their liberty for
 ‘ life, and permission to let him transport
 ‘ them to America as slaves. I was happy
 ‘ at finding a place where I could lose my
 ‘ fears in desperation, and entered this cell,
 ‘ for it had the appearance of one, with
 ‘ the devotion of a monastic. Here I found
 ‘ a number of poor creatures, all in cir-
 ‘ cumstances like myself, expecting the
 ‘ arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true
 ‘ epitome of English impatience. Each
 ‘ untractable soul at variance with For-
 ‘ tune, wreaked her injuries on their own
 ‘ hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came
 ‘ down, and all our murmurs were hush-
 ‘ ed. He deigned to regard me with an
 ‘ air of peculiar approbation, and indeed
 ‘ he was the first man who for a month
 ‘ past talked to me with smiles. After a
 ‘ few questions, he found I was fit for
 ‘ every thing in the world. He paused a
 ‘ while upon the properest means of pro-
 ‘ viding for me, and slapping his fore-
 ‘ head,

‘ head, as if he had found it, assured me,
 ‘ that there was at that time an embassy
 ‘ talked of from the fynod of Pensylvania
 ‘ to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he
 ‘ would use his interest to get me made
 ‘ secretary. I knew in my own heart that
 ‘ the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave
 ‘ me pleasure, there was something so mag-
 ‘ nificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore,
 ‘ divided my half guinea, one half of which
 ‘ went to be added to his thirty thousand
 ‘ pound, and with the other half I resolved
 ‘ to go to the next tavern, to be there
 ‘ more happy than he.

‘ As I was going out with that resolu-
 ‘ tion, I was met at the door by the cap-
 ‘ tain of a ship, with whom I had formerly
 ‘ some little acquaintance, and he agreed
 ‘ to be my companion over a bowl of
 ‘ punch. As I never chose to make a se-
 ‘ cret of my circumstances, he assured me
 ‘ that I was upon the very point of ruin,
 ‘ in listening to the office-keeper’s pro-
 ‘ mises: for that he only designed to sell
 ‘ me

‘ me to the plantations. But, continued
‘ he, I fancy you might, by a much shorter
‘ voyage, be very easily put into a gen-
‘ teel way of bread. Take my advice.
‘ My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam:
‘ What if you go in her as a passenger?
‘ The moment you land all you have to
‘ do is to teach the Dutchmen English,
‘ and I’ll warrant you’ll get pupils and
‘ money enough. I suppose you under-
‘ stand English, added he, by this time,
‘ or the deuce is in it. I confidently as-
‘ sured him of that; but expressed a doubt
‘ whether the Dutch would be willing to
‘ learn English. He affirmed with an oath
‘ that they were fond of it to distraction;
‘ and upon that affirmation I agreed with
‘ his proposal, and embarked the next day
‘ to teach the Dutch English in Holland.
‘ The wind was fair, our voyage short,
‘ and after having paid my passage with
‘ half my moveables, I found myself,
‘ fallen as from the skies, a stranger in
‘ one of the principal streets of Amster-
‘ dam.

‘ dam. In this situation I was unwilling
 ‘ to let any time pass unemployed in teach-
 ‘ ing. I addressed myself therefore to two
 ‘ or three of those I met, whose appear-
 ‘ ance seemed most promising; but it was
 ‘ impossible to make ourselves mutually
 ‘ understood. It was not till this very
 ‘ moment I recollected, that in order to
 ‘ teach Dutchmen English, it was neces-
 ‘ sary that they should first teach me
 ‘ Dutch. How I came to overlook so ob-
 ‘ vious an objection, is to me amazing;
 ‘ but certain it is I overlooked it.

‘ This scheme thus blown up, I had
 ‘ some thoughts of fairly shipping back
 ‘ to England again; but happening into
 ‘ company with an Irish student, who was
 ‘ returning from Louvain, our conversa-
 ‘ tion turning upon topics of literature, (for
 ‘ by the way it may be observed, that I
 ‘ always forgot the meanness of my cir-
 ‘ cumstances when I could converse upon
 ‘ such subjects) from him I learned that
 ‘ there

‘ there were not two men in his whole
 ‘ university who understood Greek. This
 ‘ amazed me. I instantly resolved to tra-
 ‘ vel to Louvain, and there live by teach-
 ‘ ing Greek; and in this design I was
 ‘ heartened by my brother student, who
 ‘ threw out some hints that a fortune might
 ‘ be got by it.

‘ I set boldly forward the next morning.
 ‘ Every day lessened the burthen of my
 ‘ moveables, like Æsop and his basket of
 ‘ bread; for I paid them for my lodgings
 ‘ to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I
 ‘ came to Louvain, I was resolved not to
 ‘ go sneaking to the lower professors, but
 ‘ openly tendered my talents to the prin-
 ‘ cipal himself. I went, had admittance,
 ‘ and offered him my service as a master of
 ‘ the Greek language, which I had been
 ‘ told was a desideratum in his university.
 ‘ The principal seemed at first to doubt of
 ‘ my abilities; but of these I offered to
 ‘ con-

‘ convince him, by turning a part of any
 ‘ Greek author he should fix upon into
 ‘ Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in
 ‘ my proposal, he addressed me thus : You
 ‘ see me, young man, continued he ; I
 ‘ never learned Greek, and I don’t find
 ‘ that I have ever missed it. I have had
 ‘ a doctor’s cap and gown without Greek :
 ‘ I have ten thousand florins a year with-
 ‘ out Greek ; I eat heartily without Greek ;
 ‘ and in short, continued he, as I don’t
 ‘ know Greek, I do not believe there is
 ‘ any good in it.

‘ I was now too far from home to think
 ‘ of returning ; so I resolved to go for-
 ‘ ward. I had some knowledge of music,
 ‘ with a tolerable voice, I now turned
 ‘ what was once my amusement into a
 ‘ present means of subsistence. I passed
 ‘ among the harmless peasants of Flanders,
 ‘ and among such of the French as were
 ‘ poor enough to be very merry ; for I
 ‘ ever

‘ ever found them sprightly in proportion
‘ to their wants. Whenever I approached
‘ a peasant’s house, towards night-fall, I
‘ played one of my most merry tunes, and
‘ that procured me not only a lodging,
‘ but subsistence for the next day. I
‘ once or twice attempted to play for
‘ people of fashion; but they always
‘ thought my performance odious, and
‘ never rewarded me even with a trifle.
‘ This was to me the more extraordinary,
‘ as whenever I used in better days to
‘ play for company, when playing was
‘ my amusement, my music never failed
‘ to throw them into raptures, and the la-
‘ dies especially; but as it was now my
‘ only means, it was received with con-
‘ tempt; a proof how ready the world is
‘ to under-rate those talents by which a
‘ man is supported.

‘ In this manner I proceeded to Paris,
‘ with no design but just to look about

‘ me, and then to go forward. The
‘ people of Paris are much fonder of
‘ strangers that have money, than of those
‘ that have wit. As I could not boast
‘ much of either, I was no great favou-
‘ rite. After walking about the town four
‘ or five days, and seeing the outsides of
‘ the best houses, I was preparing to leave
‘ this retreat of venal hospitality, when
‘ passing through one of the principal
‘ streets, whom should I meet but our
‘ cousin, to whom you first recommended
‘ me. This meeting was very agreeable
‘ to me, and I believe not displeasing to
‘ him. He enquired into the nature of
‘ my journey to Paris, and informed me
‘ of his own business there, which was to
‘ collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and
‘ antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in
‘ London, who had just stepped into taste
‘ and a large fortune. I was the more
‘ surprised at seeing our cousin pitched
‘ upon for this office, as he himself had
‘ often

‘ often assured me he knew nothing of
 ‘ the matter. Upon asking how he had
 ‘ been taught the art of a connoſcento ſo
 ‘ very ſuddenly, he assured me that no-
 ‘ thing was more eaſy. The whole ſecret
 ‘ conſiſted in a ſtrict adherence to two
 ‘ rules: the one always to obſerve, that
 ‘ the picture might have been better if the
 ‘ painter had taken more pains; and the
 ‘ other, to praiſe the works of Pietro Pe-
 ‘ rugino. But, ſays he, as I once taught
 ‘ you how to be an author in London, I’ll
 ‘ now undertake to inſtruct you in the art
 ‘ of picture-buying at Paris.

‘ With this propoſal I very readily
 ‘ cloſed, as it was living, and now all
 ‘ my ambition was to live. I went there-
 ‘ fore to his lodgings, improved my dreſs
 ‘ by his aſſiſtance, and after ſome time,
 ‘ accompanied him to auctions of pictures,
 ‘ where the Engliſh gentry were expected
 ‘ to be purchaſers. I was not a little ſur-
 ‘ priſed at his intimacy with people of the

‘ best fashion, who referred themselves to
 ‘ his judgment, upon every picture or me-
 ‘ dal, as an unerring standard of taste.
 ‘ He made very good use of my assistance
 ‘ upon these occasions ; for when asked
 ‘ his opinion, he would gravely take me
 ‘ aside, and ask mine, shrug, look wise, re-
 ‘ turn, and assure the company, that he
 ‘ could give no opinion upon an affair of
 ‘ so much importance. Yet there was
 ‘ sometimes an occasion for a more sup-
 ‘ ported assurance. I remember to have
 ‘ seen him, after giving his opinion that
 ‘ the colouring of a picture was not mel-
 ‘ low enough, very deliberately take a
 ‘ brush with brown varnish, that was ac-
 ‘ cidentally lying by, and rub it over the
 ‘ piece with great composure before all
 ‘ the company, and then ask if he had
 ‘ not improved the tints.

‘ When he had finished his commission
 ‘ in Paris, he left me strongly recommend-
 ‘ ed

‘ ed to several men of distinction, as a per-
‘ son very proper for a travelling tutor ;
‘ and after some time I was employed in that
‘ capacity by a gentleman who brought his
‘ ward to Paris, in order to set him for-
‘ ward on his ~~to~~ through Europe. I
‘ was to be the young gentleman’s gover-
‘ nor, but with a proviso that he should
‘ always be permitted to govern himself.
‘ My pupil in fact understood the art of
‘ guiding, in money concerns, much bet-
‘ ter than I. He was heir to a fortune of
‘ about two hundred thousand pounds, left
‘ him by an uncle in the West-Indies ; and
‘ his guardians, to qualify him for the
‘ management of it, had bound him ap-
‘ prentice to an attorney. Thus avarice
‘ was his prevailing passion : all his ques-
‘ tions on the road were how money might
‘ be saved ; which was the least expensive
‘ course of travel ; whether any thing
‘ could be bought that would turn to ac-
‘ count when disposed of again in London.

‘ Such curiosities on the way as could be
‘ seen for nothing he was ready enough to
‘ look at; but if the sight of them was
‘ to be paid for, he usually asserted that
‘ he had been told they were not worth
‘ seeing. He never paid a bill that he
‘ would not observe, how amazingly ex-
‘ pensive travelling was, and all this tho’
‘ he was not yet twenty-one. When ar-
‘ rived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to
‘ look at the port and shipping, he en-
‘ quired the expence of the passage by
‘ sea home to England. This he was in-
‘ formed was but a trifle, compared to his
‘ returning by land, he was therefore un-
‘ able to withstand the temptation; so
‘ paying me the small part of my salary
‘ that was due, he took leave, and em-
‘ barked with only one attendant for Lon-
‘ don.

‘ I now therefore was left once more
‘ upon the world at large; but then it was
‘ a thing

‘ a thing I was used to. However my
 ‘ skill in music could avail me nothing in
 ‘ a country where every peasant was a bet-
 ‘ ter musician than I ; but by this time I
 ‘ had acquired another talent, which an-
 ‘ swered my purpose as well, and this was
 ‘ a skill in disputation. In all the foreign
 ‘ universities and convents, there are upon
 ‘ certain days philosophical theses main-
 ‘ tained against every adventitious dispu-
 ‘ tant ; for which, if the champion op-
 ‘ poses with any dexterity, he can claim a
 ‘ gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed
 ‘ for one night. In this manner there-
 ‘ fore I fought my way towards England,
 ‘ walked along from city to city, examined
 ‘ mankind more nearly, and, if I may so
 ‘ express it, saw both sides of the picture.
 ‘ My remarks, however, are but few : I
 ‘ found that monarchy was the best go-
 ‘ vernment for the poor to live in, and
 ‘ commonwealths for the rich. I found
 ‘ that riches in general were in every coun-

‘ try another name for freedom ; and that
‘ no man is so fond of liberty himself as
‘ not to be desirous of subjecting the will
‘ of some individuals in society to his own.

‘ Upon my arrival in England I resolved
‘ to pay my respects first to you, and then
‘ to enlist as a volunteer in the first expe-
‘ dition that was going forward ; but on
‘ my journey down my resolutions were
‘ changed, by meeting an old acquaint-
‘ ance, who I found belonged to a com-
‘ pany of comedians, that were going to
‘ make a summer campaign in the coun-
‘ try. The company seemed not much to
‘ disapprove of me for an associate. They
‘ all, however, apprized me of the im-
‘ portance of the task at which I aimed ;
‘ that the public was a many-headed mon-
‘ ster, and that only such as had very good
‘ heads could please it : that acting was not
‘ to be learnt in a day ; and that without
‘ some traditional shrugs, which had been
‘ on

‘ on the stage, and only on the stage, these
 ‘ hundred years, I could never pretend to
 ‘ please. The next difficulty was in fitting
 ‘ me with parts, as almost every character
 ‘ was in keeping. I was driven for some
 ‘ time from one character to another, till
 ‘ at last Horatio was fixed upon, which
 ‘ the presence of the present company has
 ‘ happily hindered me from acting.’

I have been thinking of you
as the light and only hope
of the world. I have been
thinking of you as the only
one who has not been
corrupted by the world.
I have been thinking of you
as the only one who has
not been corrupted by the
world. I have been thinking
of you as the only one who
has not been corrupted by the
world. I have been thinking
of you as the only one who
has not been corrupted by the
world.

CHAP. I.

CHAP. II.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

MY son's account was too long to be delivered at once, the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the 'Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the

C 6 match.

match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back ; but I readily imputed that to surprize, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour ; and after a short time his presence served only to encrease the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside, to enquire after my daughter ; but upon my informing him that my enquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprized ; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot or my son ; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret : ‘ For at best,’ cried he, ‘ it is but divulging one's own infamy ;
‘ and

‘and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine.’ We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the ‘Squire in, to stand up at country dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken: and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither exact by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill’s seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr. Thornhill’s friendship seemed proportionably to encrease for him.

He

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone: the morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me, with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two, 'As for this trifling piece of service,' continued the young gentleman, 'I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pound to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure.' This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily therefore gave my
bond

bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress, for Miss Wilmot actually loved him, he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all I had, my blessing. 'And now, my boy,' cried I, 'thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grandfather, fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy,

‘ boy, and imitate him in all but his mis-
 ‘ fortunes, if it was a misfortune to die
 ‘ with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and
 ‘ if you fall, though distant, exposed and
 ‘ unwept by those that love you, the most
 ‘ precious tears are those with which hea-
 ‘ ven bedews the unburied head of a sol-
 ‘ dier.’

The next morning I took leave of the
 good family, that had been kind enough to
 entertain me so long, not without several
 expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill
 for his late bounty. I left them in the en-
 joyment of all that happiness which afflu-
 ence and good-breeding procure, and re-
 turned towards home, despairing of ever
 finding my daughter more, but sending a
 sigh to heaven to spare and to forgive her.
 I was now come within about twenty miles
 of home, having hired an horse to carry
 me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted
 myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I
 held dearest upon earth. But the night com-
 ing

ing on, I put up at a little public house by the road side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young 'Squire Thornhill, who the host assured me was hated as much as his uncle Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there, to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. ' Mr. Symonds,'

‘monds,’ cried she, ‘you use me very ill,
‘and I’ll bear it no longer. Here three
‘parts of the business is left for me to do,
‘and the fourth left unfinished; while
‘you do nothing but soak with the guests
‘all day long, whereas if a spoonful of
‘liquor were to cure me of a fever, I ne-
‘ver touch a drop.’ I now found what
she would be at, and immediately poured
her out a glass, which she received with
a curtesy, and drinking towards my good
health, ‘Sir,’ resumed she, ‘it is not so
‘much for the value of the liquor I am
‘angry, but one cannot help it, when the
‘house is going out of the windows. If
‘the customers or guests are to be dun-
‘ned, all the burthen lies upon my back,
‘he’d as lief eat that glass as budge after
‘them himself. There now above stairs,
‘we have a young woman who has come
‘to take up her lodgings here, and I don’t
‘believe she has got any money by her
‘over-civility. I am certain she is very
‘slow

‘ slow of payment, and I wish she were put
 ‘ in mind of it.——’ What signifies mind-
 ‘ ing her,’ cried the host, ‘ if she be slow,
 ‘ she is sure.’——‘ I don’t know that,’ re-
 plied the wife; ‘ but I know that I am
 ‘ sure she has been here a fortnight, and
 ‘ we have not yet seen the cross of her
 ‘ money.’——‘ I suppose, my dear,’ cried
 he, ‘ we shall have it all in a lump.’——
 ‘ In a lump!’ cried the other, I hope we
 ‘ may get it any way; and that I am re-
 ‘ solved we will this very night, or out
 ‘ she tramps, bag and baggage.’——
 ‘ Consider, my dear,’ cried the husband,
 ‘ she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more
 ‘ respect.’——‘ As for the matter of that,’
 returned the hostess, ‘ gentle or simple,
 ‘ out she shall pack with a fussarara. Gen-
 ‘ try may be good things where they take;
 ‘ but for my part I never saw much good
 ‘ of them at the sign of the Harrow.’——
 Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight
 of stairs, that went from the kitchen to a
 room.

room over head, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly : ‘ Out I say, ‘ pack out this moment, tramp thou infamous strumpet, or I’ll give thee a mark ‘ thou won’t be the better for these three ‘ months. What ! you trumpery, to come ‘ and take up an honest house, without ‘ cross or coin to bless yourself with ; come ‘ along I say.’——‘ O dear madam,’ cried the stranger, ‘ pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death ‘ will soon do the rest’——I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms.—— ‘ Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor ‘ old father’s bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the ‘ world

‘ world that will never forsake thee ; tho’
 ‘ thou hadst ten thousand crimes to an-
 ‘ swer for, he will forget them all.’——
 ‘ O my own dear,’—for minutes she could
 no more—‘ my own dearest good papa !
 ‘ Could angels be kinder ! How do I de-
 ‘ serve so much ! The villain, I hate him
 ‘ and myself to be a reproach to such good-
 ‘ ness. You can’t forgive me. I know
 ‘ you cannot.’——‘ Yes, my child, from
 ‘ my heart I do forgive thee ! Only re-
 ‘ pent, and we both shall yet be happy.
 ‘ We shall see many pleasant days yet, my
 ‘ Olivia’——‘ Ah ! never, sir, never.
 ‘ The rest of my wretched life must be in-
 ‘ famy abroad, and shame at home. But,
 ‘ alas ! papa, you look much paler than
 ‘ you used to do. Could such a thing as
 ‘ I am give you so much uneasiness ? Sure
 ‘ you have too much wisdom to take the
 ‘ miseries of my guilt upon yourself.’——
 ‘ Our wisdom, young woman,’ replied I.
 ——‘ Ah, why so cold a name, papa ?’
cried

cried she. ‘ This is the first time you ever
 ‘ called me by so cold a name.’——‘ I
 ‘ ask pardon, my darling,’ returned I;
 ‘ but I was going to observe, that wisdom
 ‘ makes but a slow defence against trouble,
 ‘ though at last a sure one.’

The landlady now returned to know if
 we did not chuse a more genteel apart-
 ment, to which assenting, we were shewn
 a room where we could converse more
 freely. After we had talked ourselves into
 some degree of tranquility, I could not
 avoid desiring some account of the grada-
 tions that led to her present wretched situa-
 tion. ‘ That villain, sir,’ said she, ‘ from the
 ‘ first day of our meeting made me honou-
 ‘ rable, though private, proposals.’

‘ Villain indeed,’ cried I; ‘ and yet it
 ‘ in some measure surprizes me, how a
 ‘ person of Mr. Burchell’s good sense and
 ‘ seeming honour could be guilty of such
 ‘ deliberate baseness, and thus step into a
 ‘ family to undo it.’

“My dear papa,” returned my daughter, “you labour under a strange mistake, Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who I now find was even worse than he represented him.”——“Mr. Thornhill,” interrupted I, “can it be?” “Yes, Sir,” returned she, “it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed the two ladies as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember would have certainly succeeded but for Mr. Burchell’s letter, who directed those reproaches at them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend.”

“You

‘ You amaze me, my dear,’ cried I;
‘ but now I find my first suspicions of
‘ Mr. Thornhill’s baseness were too well
‘ grounded: but he can triumph in secu-
‘ rity; for he is rich, and we are poor.
‘ But tell me, my child, sure it was no
‘ small temptation that could thus oblite-
‘ rate all the impressions of such an edu-
‘ cation, and so virtuous a disposition as
‘ thine?’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘ he owes all
‘ his triumph to the desire I had of making
‘ him, and not myself, happy. I knew
‘ that the ceremony of our marriage, which
‘ was privately performed by a popish
‘ priest, was no way binding, and that I
‘ had nothing to trust to but his honour.’
‘ What,’ interrupted I, ‘ and were you
‘ indeed married by a priest, and in or-
‘ ders?’——‘ Indeed, Sir, we were,’ re-
plied she, ‘ though we were both sworn to
‘ conceal his name.’——‘ Why then, my
‘ child,

‘ child, come to my arms again, and now
 ‘ you are a thousand times more welcome
 ‘ than before ; for you are now his wife
 ‘ to all intents and purposes ; nor can all
 ‘ the laws of man, though written upon
 ‘ tables of adamant, lessen the force of that
 ‘ sacred connexion.’

‘ Alas, Papa,’ replied she, ‘ you are
 ‘ but little acquainted with his villanies :
 ‘ he has been married already, by the
 ‘ same priest, to six or eight wives more,
 ‘ whom, like me, he has deceived and
 ‘ abandoned.’

‘ Has he so ?’ cried I, ‘ then we must
 ‘ hang the priest, and you shall inform
 ‘ against him to-morrow.’——‘ But Sir,’
 returned she, ‘ will that be right, when I
 ‘ am sworn to secrecy ?’——‘ My dear,’
 I replied, ‘ if you have made such a pro-
 ‘ mise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to
 ‘ break it. Even though it may benefit
 ‘ the public, you must not inform against

‘ him. In all human institutions a smaller
 ‘ evil is allowed to procure a greater good;
 ‘ as in politics, a province may be given
 ‘ away to secure a kingdom; in medicine,
 ‘ a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the
 ‘ body. But in religion the law is writ-
 ‘ ten, and inflexible, *never* to do evil.
 ‘ And this law, my child, is right: for
 ‘ otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil,
 ‘ to procure a greater good, certain guilt
 ‘ would be thus incurred, in expectation
 ‘ of contingent advantage. And though
 ‘ the advantage should certainly follow,
 ‘ yet the interval between commission and
 ‘ advantage, which is allowed to be guilty,
 ‘ may be that in which we are called away
 ‘ to answer for the things we have done,
 ‘ and the volume of human actions is
 ‘ closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my
 ‘ dear, go on.’

‘ The very next morning,’ continued
 she, ‘ I found what little expectations I
 ‘ was to have from his sincerity. That very
 ‘ morn-

‘ morning he introduced me to two
 ‘ unhappy women more, whom, like me,
 ‘ he had deceived, but who lived in con-
 ‘ tented prostitution. I loved him too ten-
 ‘ derly to bear such rivals in his affections,
 ‘ and strove to forget my infamy in a tu-
 ‘ mult of pleasures. With this view, I
 ‘ danced, dressed, and talked; but still
 ‘ was unhappy. The gentlemen who vi-
 ‘ sited there told me every moment of the
 ‘ power of my charms, and this only con-
 ‘ tributed to encrease my melancholy, as
 ‘ I had thrown all their power quite away.
 ‘ Thus each day I grew more pensive,
 ‘ and he more insolent, till at last the
 ‘ monster had the assurance to offer me to
 ‘ a young Baronet of his acquaintance.
 ‘ Need I describe, Sir, how his ingrati-
 ‘ tude stung me. My answer to this pro-
 ‘ posal was almost madness. I desired to
 ‘ part. As I was going he offered me a
 ‘ purse; but I flung it at him with indig-
 ‘ nation, and burst from him in a rage,

‘ that for a while kept me insensible of the
 ‘ miseries of my situation. But I soon
 ‘ looked round me, and saw myself a vile,
 ‘ abject, guilty thing, without one friend
 ‘ in the world to apply to. Just in that
 ‘ interval, a stage-coach happening to pass
 ‘ by, I took a place, it being my only
 ‘ aim to be driven at a distance from a
 ‘ wretch I despised and detested. I was
 ‘ set down here, where, since my arri-
 ‘ val, my own anxiety, and this woman’s
 ‘ unkindness, have been my only com-
 ‘ panions. The hours of pleasure that I
 ‘ have passed with my mamma and sister,
 ‘ now grow painful to me. Their sorrows
 ‘ are much ; but mine is greater than
 ‘ theirs ; for mine are mixed with guilt
 ‘ and infamy.’

‘ Have patience, my child,’ cried I,
 ‘ and I hope things will yet be better.
 ‘ Take some repose to-night, and to mor-
 ‘ row I’ll carry you home to your mother
 ‘ and

‘ and the rest of the family, from whom
‘ you will receive a kind reception. Poor
‘ woman, this has gone to her heart : but
‘ she loves you still, Olivia, and will for-
‘ get it.’

and the lot of the family, from whom
I have received a kind reception. I
was, however, not able to see him, but
he has been very kind and helpful.

I have been very much interested in
the history of the village, and have
been able to learn a great deal about it.

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the history of the village, and have
been able to learn a great deal about it.

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C H A P. III.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder heaven was to us, than we to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures

of the world, shewed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house, and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went
my

my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side, with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night wained apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near mid-night that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent: my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarm-

ed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them, and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! ‘Where,’ cried I, ‘where are my little ones?’——‘They are burnt to death in the flames,’ says my wife calmly, ‘and I will die with them.’——That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. ‘Where, where, are my children?’ cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, ‘Where are my little ones?’——
‘Here

‘Here, dear papa, here we are,’ cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. ‘Now,’ cried I, holding up my children, ‘now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are, I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.’ We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time, began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time, the neigh-

bours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box, with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us cloaths, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by day-light we had another, though a wretched, dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having
there-

therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. ' Ah, madam, cried her mother, ' this is but a poor place you are come to ' after so much finery. My daughter So- ' phy and I can afford but little enter- ' tainment to persons who have kept com- ' pany only with people of distinction.

' Yes,

‘ Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I
 ‘ have suffered very much of late; but I
 ‘ hope heaven will forgive you.’—During
 this reception, the unhappy victim stood
 pale and trembling, unable to weep or to
 reply; but I could not continue a silent
 spectator of her distress, wherefore assum-
 ing a degree of severity in my voice and
 manner, which was ever followed with
 instant submission, ‘ I entreat, woman,
 ‘ that my words may be now marked once
 ‘ for all: I have here brought you back a
 ‘ poor deluded wanderer; her return to
 ‘ duty demands the revival of our tender-
 ‘ nefs. The real hardships of life are
 ‘ now coming fast upon us, let us not
 ‘ therefore encrease them by dissention
 ‘ among each other. If we live harmoni-
 ‘ ously together, we may yet be content-
 ‘ ed, as there are enough of us to shut out
 ‘ the censuring world, and keep each
 ‘ other in countenance. The kindness
 ‘ of heaven is promised to the penitent,
 ‘ and let ours be directed by the example.

‘ Hea-

+

‘ Heaven, we are assured, is much more
‘ pleased to view a repentant sinner, than
‘ ninety nine persons who have supported
‘ a course of undeviating rectitude. And
‘ this is right; for that single effort by
‘ which we stop short in the down-hill
‘ path to perdition, is itself a greater ex-
‘ ertion of virtue, than an hundred acts
‘ of justice.’

C H A P. IV.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such, as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours too came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was
not

not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repress his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even for-

forgot my own pain in a concern for her's, collecting such amusing passages of history, as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. ' Our happiness, my dear,' I would say, ' is in the power of one who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing, historian.

' Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprize, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but,

' far

‘ far from being able to assist the infant,
‘ she herself with great difficulty escaped
‘ to the opposite shore, just when some
‘ French soldiers were plundering the
‘ country on that side, who immediately
‘ made her their prisoner.

‘ As the war was then carried on be-
‘ tween the French and Italians with the
‘ utmost inhumanity, they were going at
‘ once to perpetrate those two extremes,
‘ suggested by appetite and cruelty. This
‘ base resolution, however, was opposed
‘ by a young officer, who, though their
‘ retreat required the utmost expedition,
‘ placed her behind him, and brought
‘ her in safety to his native city. Her
‘ beauty at first caught his eye, her merit
‘ soon after his heart. They were mar-
‘ ried; he rose to the highest posts; they
‘ lived long together, and were happy.
‘ But the felicity of a soldier can never be
‘ called permanent: after an interval of
‘ several years, the troops which he com-
‘ manded

' manded having met with a repulse, he
 ' was obliged to take shelter in the city
 ' where he had lived with his wife. Here
 ' they suffered a siege, and the city at
 ' length was taken. Few histories can
 ' produce more various instances of cru-
 ' elty, than those which the French and
 ' Italians at that time exercised upon each
 ' other. It was resolved by the victors,
 ' upon this occasion, to put all the French
 ' prisoners to death; but particularly the
 ' husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as
 ' he was principally instrumental in pro-
 ' tracting the siege. Their determin-
 ' ations were, in general, executed almost
 ' as soon as resolved upon. The captive
 ' soldier was led forth, and the execu-
 ' tioner, with his sword, stood ready, while
 ' the spectators in gloomy silence awaited
 ' the fatal blow, which was only sus-
 ' pended till the general, who presided as
 ' judge, should give the signal. It was
 ' in this interval of anguish and expect-
 ' ation,

‘ ation, that Matilda came to take her last
 ‘ farewell of her husband and deliverer,
 ‘ deploring her wretched situation, and
 ‘ the cruelty of fate, that had saved her
 ‘ from perishing by a premature death in
 ‘ the river Volturna, to be the spectator
 ‘ of still greater calamities. The gene-
 ‘ ral, who was a young man, was struck
 ‘ with surprize at her beauty, and pity at
 ‘ her distress; but with still stronger emo-
 ‘ tions when he heard her mention her
 ‘ former dangers. He was her son, the
 ‘ infant for whom she had encountered so
 ‘ much danger. He acknowledged her
 ‘ at once as his mother, and fell at her
 ‘ feet. The rest may be easily supposed:
 ‘ the captive was set free, and all the hap-
 ‘ piness that love, friendship, and duty
 ‘ could confer on each, were united.’

In this manner I would attempt to amuse
 my daughter; but she listened with di-
 vided attention; for her own misfortunes

en-

engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information, that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to encrease poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity, was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of
the

the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the 'Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he

‡

could

could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

‘ Why let him if he can,’ returned I:
 ‘ but, my son, observe this bed of straw,
 ‘ and unsheltering roof; those moulder-
 ‘ ing walls, and humid floor; my wretch-
 ‘ ed body thus disabled by fire, and my
 ‘ children weeping round me for bread;
 ‘ you have come home, my child, to all
 ‘ this, yet here, even here, you see a
 ‘ man that would not for a thousand
 ‘ worlds exchange situations. O, my
 ‘ children, if you could but learn to com-
 ‘ mune with your own hearts, and know
 ‘ what noble company you can make them,
 ‘ you would little regard the elegance
 ‘ and splendours of the worthless. Al-
 ‘ most all men have been taught to call
 ‘ life a passage, and themselves the tra-
 ‘ vellers. The similitude still may be im-
 ‘ proved when we observe that the good

‘ are joyful and serene, like travellers that
‘ are going towards home ; the wicked but
‘ by intervals happy, like travellers that
‘ are going into exile.’

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution : but appearances deceived me ; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness amongst the rest of the family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burthen them with a sadness they did not feel.

feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round and the song was demanded, and chearfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
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C H A P. V.

Fresh calamities.

TH E next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank: where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother too upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept,

and loved her daughter as before. ‘Do,
‘my pretty Olivia,’ cried she, ‘let us
‘have that little melancholy air your pap-
‘pa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has
‘already obliged us. Do, child, it will
‘please your old father.’ She complied
in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as
moved me.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom —— is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly en-
creased

creased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. ‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them.’

‘I vow, my dear, sir,’ returned he, ‘I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don’t think your daughter’s late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it.’

‘Go,’ cried I, ‘thou art a wretch, a
‘poor pitiful wretch, and every way a
‘liar; but your meanness secures you
‘from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended
‘from a family that would not have
‘borne this! And so, thou vile thing,
‘to gratify a momentary passion, thou
‘hast made one poor creature wretched
‘for life, and polluted a family that
‘had nothing but honour for their por-
‘tion.’

‘If she or you,’ returned he, ‘are re-
‘solved to be miserable, I cannot help it.
‘But you may still be happy; and what-
‘ever opinion you may have formed of
‘me, you shall ever find me ready to
‘contribute to it. We can marry her
‘to another in a short time, and what is
‘more, she may keep her lover beside;
‘for I protest I shall ever continue to have
‘a true regard for her.’

I found

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.—

‘Avoid my sight, thou reptile,’ cried I, ‘nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old, and disabled, and every way undone.’

‘I find,’ cried he, ‘you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shewn you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard, nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expences lately, pre-

‘vious to my intended marriage, is not so
 ‘easy to be done. And then my steward
 ‘talks of driving for the rent: it is certain
 ‘he knows his duty; for I never trouble
 ‘myself with affairs of that nature. Yet
 ‘still I could wish to serve you, and even
 ‘to have you and your daughter present
 ‘at my marriage, which is shortly to be
 ‘solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is
 ‘even the request of my charming Ara-
 ‘bella herself, whom I hope you will not
 ‘refuse.’

‘Mr. Thornhill,’ replied I, ‘hear me
 ‘once for all: as to your marriage with
 ‘any but my daughter, that I never will
 ‘consent to; and though your friendship
 ‘could raise me to a throne, or your re-
 ‘sentment sink me to the grave, yet
 ‘would I despise both. Thou hast once
 ‘wofully, irreparably, deceived me. I
 ‘reposed my heart upon thine honour,
 ‘and have found its baseness. Never
 ‘more,

‘ more, therefore, expect friendship from
 ‘ me. Go, and possess what fortune has
 ‘ given thee, beauty, riches, health, and
 ‘ pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, in-
 ‘ famy, disease and sorrow. Yet hum-
 ‘ bled as I am, shall my heart still vindi-
 ‘ cate its dignity, and though thou hast
 ‘ my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my
 ‘ contempt.’

‘ If so,’ returned he, ‘ depend upon it
 ‘ you shall feel the effects of this inso-
 ‘ lence, and we shall shortly see which is
 ‘ the fittest object of scorn, you or me.’—
 Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at
 this interview, seemed terrified with the
 apprehension. My daughters also, finding
 that he was gone, came out to be informed
 of the result of our conference, which,
 when known, alarmed them not less than
 the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded

the utmost stretch of his malevolence : he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort. Like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain ; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure :

dure: The terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

‘ Why, my treasures,’ cried I, ‘ why
‘ will you thus attempt to persuade me to
‘ the thing that is not right! My duty
‘ has taught me to forgive him; but my
‘ conscience will not permit me to ap-
‘ prove. Would you have me applaud to
‘ the world what my heart must internally
‘ condemn? Would you have me tamely
‘ sit down and flatter our infamous be-
‘ trayer; and to avoid a prison, continual-
‘ ly suffer the more galling bonds of men-
‘ tal confinement! No, never. If we
‘ are to be taken from this abode, only
‘ let us hold to the right, and where-ever
‘ we are thrown, we can still retire to a
‘ charming apartment, when we can look
‘ round

‘round our own hearts with intrepidity
 ‘and with pleasure!’

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

‘My friends,’ said I, ‘this is severe
 ‘weather in which you have come to
 ‘take

‘ take me to a prison ; and it is particu-
 ‘ larly unfortunate at this time, as one of
 ‘ my arms has lately been burnt in a ter-
 ‘ rible manner, and it has thrown me into
 ‘ a slight fever, and I want cloaths to co-
 ‘ ver me, and I am now too weak and old
 ‘ to walk far in such deep snow : but if it
 ‘ must be so ———

I then turned to my wife and chil-
 dren, and directed them to get toge-
 ther what few things were left us, and to
 prepare immediately for leaving this place.
 I entreated them to be expeditious, and
 desired my son to assist his elder sister, who,
 from a consciousness that she was the cause
 of all our calamities, was fallen, and had
 lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged
 my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped
 our affrighted little ones in her arms, that
 clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to
 look round at the strangers. In the mean
 time

time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

C H A P. VI.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had an horse, kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own but my distresses.

We

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a croud running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to a gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

‘ What !

‘ What ! my friends,’ cried I, ‘ and is
 ‘ this the way you love me ! Is this the
 ‘ manner you obey the instructions I have
 ‘ given you from the pulpit ! Thus to fly
 ‘ in the face of justice, and bring down
 ‘ ruin on yourselves and me ! Which is
 ‘ your ringleader ? Shew me the man that
 ‘ has thus seduced you. As sure as he
 ‘ lives he shall feel my resentment. Alas !
 ‘ my dear deluded flock, return back to
 ‘ the duty you owe to God, to your coun-
 ‘ try, and to me. I shall yet perhaps one
 ‘ day see you in greater felicity here, and
 ‘ contribute to make your lives more hap-
 ‘ py. But let it at least be my comfort
 ‘ when I pen my fold for immortality, that
 ‘ not one here shall be wanting.’

They now seemed all repentance, and
 melting into tears, came one after the
 other to bid me farewell. I shook each
 tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my
 blessing proceeded forward without meet-
 ing

ing any farther interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village ; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual chearfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds
of

of misery ; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and prophaneness.

‘ How,’ cried I to myself, ‘ shall men
‘ so very wicked be chearful, and shall I
‘ be melancholy ! I feel only the same
‘ confinement with them, and I think I
‘ have more reason to be happy.’

With such reflections I laboured to become chearful ; but chearfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of
my

my fellow prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it : for if good I might profit by his instruction ; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense ; but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

‘ That’s unfortunate,’ cried he, ‘ as
‘ you are allowed here nothing but straw,
‘ and your apartment is very large and
‘ cold. However you seem to be some-
‘ thing of a gentleman, and as I have
‘ been one myself in my time, part of my
‘ bed-cloaths are heartily at your ser-
‘ vice.’

I thanked

I thanked him, professing my surprize at finding such humanity in a gaol in misfortunes ; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, ‘ That the sage ancient seemed
 ‘ to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, Ton, kosman aire,
 ‘ ei dos ton etairon ; and in fact,’ continued I, ‘ what is the world if it affords only
 ‘ solitude ?’

‘ You talk of the world, Sir,’ returned my fellow prisoner ; ‘ *the world is in its
 ‘ dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of
 ‘ the world has puzzled the philosophers of
 ‘ every age. What a medley of opinions have
 ‘ they not broached upon the creation of the
 ‘ world. Sanconiaton, Manetho, Berosus,
 ‘ and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it
 ‘ in vain. The latter has these words, Anar-
 ‘ chon ara kai atelutaion to pan, which im-
 ‘ plies’ — ‘ I ask pardon, Sir,’ cried I,
 ‘ for interrupting so much learning ; but I
 ‘ think I have heard all this before.
 ‘ Have*

‘ Have I not had the pleasure of once
 ‘ seeing you at Welbridge fair, and is not
 ‘ your name Ephraim Jenkinson ?’ At
 this demand he only sighed. ‘ I suppose
 ‘ you must recollect,’ resumed I, ‘ one
 ‘ Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought
 ‘ a horse.’

He now at once recollected me ; for the
 gloominess of the place and the approach-
 ing night had prevented his distinguish-
 ing my features before. ——— ‘ Yes, Sir,’
 returned Mr. Jenkinson, ‘ I remember
 ‘ you perfectly well ; I bought an horse,
 ‘ but forgot to pay for him. Your neigh-
 ‘ bour Flamborough is the only prosecu-
 ‘ tor I am any way afraid of at the next
 ‘ assizes : for he intends to swear positively
 ‘ against me as a coiner. I am heartily
 ‘ sorry, Sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed
 ‘ any man ; for you see,’ continued he,
 shewing his shackles, ‘ what my tricks
 ‘ have brought me to.’

‘ Well,

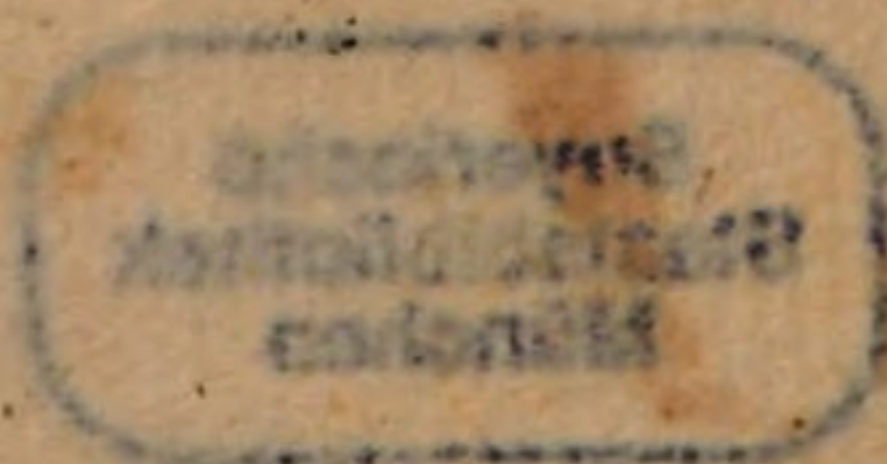
‘ Well, sir,’ replied I, ‘ your kindness
 ‘ in offering me assistance, when you could
 ‘ expect no return, shall be repaid with
 ‘ my endeavours to soften or totally sup-
 ‘ press Mr. Flamborough’s evidence, and
 ‘ I will send my son to him for that pur-
 ‘ pose the first opportunity ; nor do I in
 ‘ the least doubt but he will comply with
 ‘ my request, and as to my own evidence,
 ‘ you need be under no uneasiness about
 ‘ that.’

‘ Well, sir,’ cried he, ‘ all the return
 ‘ I can make shall be your’s. You shall
 ‘ have more than half my bed-cloaths to-
 ‘ night, and I’ll take care to stand your
 ‘ friend in the prison, where I think I
 ‘ have some influence.’

I thanked him, and could not avoid be-
 ing surprised at the present youthful change
 in his aspect ; for at the time I had seen him
 before he appeared at least sixty.—‘ Sir,’

answered he, ‘ you are little acquainted
 ‘ with the world; I had at that time
 ‘ false hair, and have learnt the art of
 ‘ counterfeiting every age from seventeen
 ‘ to seventy. Ah sir, had I but bestowed
 ‘ half the pains in learning a trade, that
 ‘ I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I
 ‘ might have been a rich man at this day.
 ‘ But rogue as I am, still I may be your
 ‘ friend, and that perhaps when you least
 ‘ expect it.’

We were now prevented from further conversation, by the arrival of the gaoler’s servants, who came to call over the prisoners names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the cloaths given me by my fellow prisoner; which done,
 my



my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good-night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly corrector, I laid myself down and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAP. VII.

A reformation in the gaol. To make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed side. The gloomy strength of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a

room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed; but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing however previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

‘ Well,’ cried I, ‘ my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears.’

‘ No, papa,’ says Dick, ‘ I am not afraid to lie any where, where you are.’

‘ And

‘ And I,’ says Bill, who was yet but four years old, ‘ love every place best that my papa is in.’

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister’s health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me: ‘ And as for you, my son,’ continued I, ‘ it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be full sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support.’

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange insatiation of wretches, who finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of
my

my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good-humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at

first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this ; that I was their fellow prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very prophane ; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal : ‘ For be assured, my friends,’ cried I, ‘ for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship, though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you. He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly ; and by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that’s good hereafter.

‘ If

‘ If used ill in our dealings with one
 ‘ man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were
 ‘ it not worth your while then, just to try:
 ‘ how you may like the usage of another
 ‘ master, who gives you fair promises at
 ‘ least to come to him. Surely my
 ‘ friends, of all stupidity in the world,
 ‘ his must be greatest, who after robbing
 ‘ an house, runs to the thieftakers for
 ‘ protection. And yet how are you more
 ‘ wise? You are all seeking comfort from
 ‘ one that has already betrayed you, ap-
 ‘ plying to a more malicious being than
 ‘ any thieftaker of them all; for they only
 ‘ decoy, and then hang you; but he de-
 ‘ coys and hangs, and what is worst of all,
 ‘ will not let you loose after the hangman
 ‘ has done.’

When I had concluded, I received the
 compliment of my audience, some of
 whom came and shook me by the hand,

swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage, already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview therefore seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter,

daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

‘ Alas, Doctor,’ cried he, ‘ these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this !’

‘ Why, Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘ thank heaven my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good, it matters little for the rest.’

‘ I fancy, sir,’ returned my fellow prisoner, ‘ that it must give you great comfort to have this little family about you.’

‘ A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson,’ replied I, ‘ yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world ; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.’

‘ I am

‘ I am afraid then, sir,’ cried he, ‘ that
 ‘ I am in some measure culpable; for I
 ‘ think I see here’ (looking at my son Mo-
 ses) ‘ one that I have injured, and by
 ‘ whom I wish to be forgiven.’

My son immediately recollected his voice
 and features, though he had before seen
 him in disguise, and taking him by the
 hand, with a smile forgave him. ‘ Yet,’
 continued he, ‘ I can’t help wondering at
 ‘ what you could see in my face, to think
 ‘ me a proper mark for deception.’

‘ My dear sir,’ returned the other, ‘ it
 ‘ was not your face, but your white stock-
 ‘ ings and the black ribband in your hair,
 ‘ that allured me. But no disparagement
 ‘ to your parts, I have deceived wiser men
 ‘ than you in my time; and yet, with all
 ‘ my tricks, the blockheads have been too
 ‘ many for me at last.’

‘ I sup-

‘ I suppose,’ cried my son, ‘ that the
‘ narrative of such a life as yours must be
‘ extremely instructive and amusing.’

‘ Not much of either,’ returned Mr.
Jenkinson. ‘ Those relations which de-
‘ scribe the tricks and vices only of man-
‘ kind, by increasing our suspicion in life,
‘ retard our success. The traveller that
‘ distrusts every person he meets, and
‘ turns back upon the appearance of
‘ every man that looks like a robber,
‘ seldom arrives in time at his journey’s
‘ end.

‘ Indeed I think, from my own experi-
‘ ence, that the knowing one is the silliest
‘ fellow under the sun. I was thought
‘ cunning from my very childhood ; when
‘ but seven years old the ladies would say
‘ that I was a perfect little man ; at four-
‘ teen I knew the world, cocked my hat,
‘ and loved the ladies ; at twenty, though
‘ I was perfectly honest, yet every one
‘ thought

' thought me so cunning, that not one
 ' would trust me. Thus I was at last
 ' obliged to turn sharper in my own de-
 ' fence, and have lived ever since, my head
 ' throbbing with schemes to deceive, and
 ' my heart palpitating with fears of detec-
 ' tion. I used often to laugh at your ho-
 ' nest simple neighbour Flamborough, and
 ' one way or another generally cheated
 ' him once a year. Yet still the honest
 ' man went forward without suspicion,
 ' and grew rich, while I still continued
 ' tricky and cunning, and was poor,
 ' without the consolation of being honest.
 ' However,' continued he, ' let me know
 ' your case, and what has brought you
 ' here; perhaps though I have not skill
 ' to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate
 ' my friends.'

In compliance with his curiosity, I in-
 formed him of the whole train of acci-
 dents and follies that had plunged me
 into

into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he flapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying he would try what could be done.

CHAP. VIII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

‘Excuse me,’ returned I; ‘these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich
‘ the

‘ the giver’s bosom; and though the in-
 ‘ struction I communicate may not mend
 ‘ them, yet it will assuredly mend myself.
 ‘ If these wretches, my children, were
 ‘ princes, there would be thousands ready
 ‘ to offer their ministry; but, in my opi-
 ‘ nion, the heart that is buried in a dun-
 ‘ geon is as precious as that seated upon
 ‘ a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can
 ‘ mend them I will; perhaps they will
 ‘ not all despise me. Perhaps I may
 ‘ catch up even one from the gulph, and
 ‘ that will be great gain; for is there up-
 ‘ on earth a gem so precious as the human
 ‘ soul?’

Thus saying, I left them, and descended
 to the common prison, where I found the
 prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival;
 and each prepared with some gaol trick to
 play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was go-
 ing to begin, one turned my wig awry, as
 if by accident, and then asked my pardon.
 A second,

A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dextrously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt, would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and, in less than six days, some were penitent, and all attentive.

It

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacco-nifts and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day: a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less
than

than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity. That it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives to virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend

mend a state : nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms ; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact ; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And beside, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling convenience, since it is far better

that

that two men should live, than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between an hundred, or an hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages that are directed by natural law alone are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in

the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased, as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears, all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should shew more convicts in a year, than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this
dis-

distinction is the bulwark of all morality : thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner ; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger ; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too ; that few minds are so base as that perseve-

rance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAP. IX.

Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than of virtue in this life. Temporal evils or felicities being regarded by heaven as things merely in themselves trifling and unworthy its care in the distribution.

I Had now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand

of death seemed to have molded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness fate upon her cheek.

‘ I am glad to see thee, my dear,’ cried I ; ‘ but why this dejection, Livy ? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life, which I prize as my own. Be chearful, child, and we yet may see happier days.’

‘ You have ever, sir,’ replied she, ‘ been kind to me, and it adds to my pain, that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here ; and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill ;
‘ it

‘ it may, in some measure, induce him
 ‘ to pity you, and it will give me relief in
 ‘ dying.’

‘ Never, child,’ replied I, ‘ never will
 ‘ I be brought to acknowledge my daugh-
 ‘ ter a prostitute; for though the world
 ‘ may look upon your offence with scorn,
 ‘ let it be mine to regard it as a mark of
 ‘ credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am
 ‘ no way miserable in this place, however
 ‘ dismal it may seem, and be assured that
 ‘ while you continue to bless me by liv-
 ‘ ing, he shall never have my consent to
 ‘ make you more wretched by marrying
 ‘ another.’

After the departure of my daughter, my
 fellow prisoner, who was by at this inter-
 view, sensibly enough expostulated upon
 my obstinacy, in refusing a submission,
 which promised to give me freedom. He
 observed that the rest of my family was
 not to be sacrificed to the peace of one

child alone, and she the only one who had
 offended me. ‘Beside,’ added he, ‘I don’t
 ‘ know if it be just thus to obstruct the
 ‘ union of man and wife, which you do at
 ‘ present, by refusing to consent to a match
 ‘ which you cannot hinder, but may ren-
 ‘ der unhappy.’

‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘you are unacquainted
 ‘ with the man that oppresses us. I am
 ‘ very sensible that no submission I can
 ‘ make could procure me liberty even for
 ‘ an hour. I am told that even in this
 ‘ very room a debtor of his, no later than
 ‘ last year, died for want. But though
 ‘ my submission and approbation could
 ‘ transfer me from hence to the most beau-
 ‘ tiful apartment he is possessed of; yet I
 ‘ would grant neither, as something whif-
 ‘ pers me, that it would be giving a sanc-
 ‘ tion to adultery. While my daughter
 ‘ lives, no other marriage of his shall ever
 ‘ be legal in my eye. Were she removed,
 ‘ in-

‘ indeed, I should be the basest of men,
 ‘ from any resentment of my own, to at-
 ‘ tempt putting asunder those who wish
 ‘ for an union. No, villain as he is, I
 ‘ should then wish him married, to pre-
 ‘ vent the consequences of his future de-
 ‘ baucheries. But now should I not be
 ‘ the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an
 ‘ instrument which must send my child
 ‘ to the grave, merely to avoid a prison my-
 ‘ self; and thus to escape one pang, break
 ‘ my child’s heart with a thousand?’

He acquiesced in the justice of this an-
 swer, but could not avoid observing, that
 he feared my daughter’s life was already
 too much wasted to keep me long a pri-
 soner. ‘ However,’ continued he, ‘ though
 ‘ you refuse to submit to the nephew, I
 ‘ hope you have no objections to laying
 ‘ your case before the uncle, who has the
 ‘ first character in the kingdom for every
 ‘ thing that is just and good. I would

‘advise you to send him a letter by the
 ‘post, intimating all his nephew’s ill usage,
 ‘and my life for it, that in three days you
 ‘shall have an answer.’ I thank’d him for
 the hint, and instantly set about comply-
 ing; but I wanted paper, and unluckily
 all our money had been laid out that morn-
 ing in provisions; however, he supplied
 me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a
 state of anxiety, to know what reception
 my letter might meet with; but in the
 mean time was frequently solicited by my
 wife to submit to any conditions rather
 than remain here, and every hour received
 repeated accounts of the decline of my
 daughter’s health. The third day and the
 fourth arrived, but I received no answer
 to my letter: the complaints of a stranger
 against a favourite nephew, were no way
 likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon
 vanished like all my former. My mind,
 how-

however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire, grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine; every message from her contributed to encrease my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was, that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came. She was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weep-

G 6

ing

ing by her. My fellow prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient. She was dead! — The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. ‘And is not my sister an angel, now, pappa,’ cried the eldest, ‘and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my pappa were with me.’ ‘Yes,’ added my youngest darling, ‘Heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.’

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing that now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt

tempt to save my own life, which was every day declining, for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own, to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

‘Heaven be praised,’ replied I, ‘there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now, and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick almost [to fainting, very sick, my fellow prisoner, yet that
‘shall

‘ shall never inspire me with vengeance.
‘ I am now willing to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him
‘ any pleasure, let him know, that if I
‘ have done him any injury, I am sorry
‘ for it.’ Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary;
fary;

fary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

‘ Well, sir,’ said I to my fellow prisoner, ‘ you now discover the temper of
 ‘ the man who oppresses me. He can at
 ‘ once be facetious and cruel; but let
 ‘ him use me as he will, I shall soon be
 ‘ free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain
 ‘ me. I am now drawing towards an
 ‘ abode that looks brighter as I approach
 ‘ it: this expectation cheers my afflictions,
 ‘ and though I leave an helpless family
 ‘ of orphans behind me, yet they will
 ‘ not be utterly forsaken; some friend,
 ‘ per-

‘ perhaps, will be found to assist them for
 ‘ the sake of their poor father, and some
 ‘ may charitably relieve them for the sake
 ‘ of their heavenly Father.’

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak. ‘ Why, my love,’ cried I, ‘ why will you thus encrease my
 ‘ afflictions by your own? what though no
 ‘ submissions can turn our severe master,
 ‘ though he has doomed me to die in this
 ‘ place of wretchedness, and though we
 ‘ have lost a darling child, yet still you
 ‘ will find comfort in your other children
 ‘ when I shall be no more.’ ‘ We have
 ‘ indeed lost,’ returned she, ‘ a darling
 ‘ child. My Sophia, my dearest, is gone,
 ‘ snatched from us, carried off by ruf-
 ‘ fians!’

‘ How,

‘How, madam,’ cried my fellow prisoner, ‘miss Sophia carried off by villains, ‘sure it cannot be?’

She could only answer with a fixed look and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoner’s wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them and instantly stopt. Upon which a well drest man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

‘Now,’ cried I, ‘the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of ‘any thing on earth to give me another ‘pang. What! not one left! not to leave
‘me

‘ me one ! the monster ! the child that was
 ‘ next my heart ! she had the beauty of an
 ‘ angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel.
 ‘ But support that woman, nor let her fall.
 ‘ Not to leave me one !’——‘ Alas, my
 ‘ husband,’ said my wife, ‘ you seem to
 ‘ want comfort even more than I. Our
 ‘ distresses are great ; but I could bear
 ‘ this and more, if I saw you but easy.
 ‘ They may take away my children, and all
 ‘ the world, if they leave me but you.’

My son, who was present, endeavoured
 to moderate our grief ; he bade us take
 comfort, for he hoped that we might still
 have reason to be thankful.———‘ My
 ‘ child,’ cried I, ‘ look round the world,
 ‘ and see if there be any happiness left
 ‘ me now. Is not every ray of comfort
 ‘ shut out ; while all our bright prospects
 ‘ only lie beyond the grave !’——‘ My dear
 ‘ father,’ returned he, ‘ I hope there is
 ‘ still something that will give you an in-
 ‘ terval

‘ terval of satisfaction ; for I have a letter
 ‘ from my brother George.’——‘ What
 ‘ of him, child,’ interrupted I, ‘ does he
 ‘ know our misery ? I hope my boy is ex-
 ‘ empt from any part of what his wretched
 ‘ family suffers ?’——‘ Yes, sir,’ returned
 he, ‘ he is perfectly gay, chearful, and
 ‘ happy. His letter brings nothing but
 ‘ good news ; he is the favourite of his
 ‘ colonel, who promises to procure him
 ‘ the very next lieutenancy that becomes
 ‘ vacant !’

‘ And are you sure of all this,’ cried my
 wife, ‘ are you sure that nothing ill has
 ‘ befallen my boy ?’——‘ Nothing indeed,
 ‘ madam,’ returned my son, ‘ you shall
 ‘ see the letter, which will give you the
 ‘ highest pleasure ; and if any thing can
 ‘ procure you comfort, I am sure that
 ‘ will.’ ‘ But are you sure,’ still repeated
 she, ‘ that the letter is from himself, and
 ‘ that he is really so happy ?’——‘ Yes,
 ‘ Madam,’

‘ Madam,’ replied he, ‘ it is certainly his,
 ‘ and he will one day be the credit and
 ‘ the support of our family !’——‘ Then
 ‘ I thank providence,’ cried she, ‘ that
 ‘ my last letter to him has miscarried.’
 ‘ Yes, my dear,’ continued she, turning
 to me, ‘ I will now confess, that though
 ‘ the hand of heaven is sore upon us in
 ‘ other instances, it has been favourable
 ‘ here. By the last letter I wrote my son,
 ‘ which was in the bitterness of anger, I
 ‘ desired him, upon his mother’s blessing,
 ‘ and if he had the heart of a man, to see
 ‘ justice done his father and sister, and
 ‘ avenge our cause. But thanks be to him
 ‘ that directs all things, it has miscarried,
 ‘ and I am at rest.’ ‘ Woman,’ cried I,
 ‘ thou hast done very ill, and at another
 ‘ time my reproaches might have been
 ‘ more severe. Oh ! what a tremendous
 ‘ gulph hast thou escaped, that would
 ‘ have buried both thee and him in end-
 ‘ less ruin. Providence, indeed, has here
 ‘ been

‘ been kinder to us than we to ourselves.
 ‘ It has reserved that son to be the father
 ‘ and protector of my children when I
 ‘ shall be away. How unjustly did I com-
 ‘ plain of being stript of every comfort,
 ‘ when still I hear that he is happy and in-
 ‘ sensible of our afflictions; still kept in
 ‘ reserve to support his widowed mother,
 ‘ and to protect his brothers and sisters.
 ‘ But what sisters has he left, he has no sis-
 ‘ ters now, they are all gone, robbed from
 ‘ me, and I am undone.’——‘ Father,’
 interrupted my son, ‘ I beg you will give
 ‘ me leave to read his letter, I know it
 ‘ will please you.’ Upon which, with my
 permission, he read as follows :

Honoured

Honoured Sir,

I Have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless groupe as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress! But whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased
respect

respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with lady G——, and could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends, and in this number, I fear, Sir, that I must consider you; for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia, and Sophia too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them: yet still, I know not how, tho' I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all, I love them affectionately, and be assured of my ever remaining

Your dutiful son.

‘ In

‘ In all our miseries,’ cried I, ‘ what
 ‘ thanks have we not to return, that one
 ‘ at least of our family is exempted from
 ‘ what we suffer. Heaven be his guard,
 ‘ and keep my boy thus happy to be the
 ‘ support of his widowed mother, and
 ‘ the father of these two babes, which is
 ‘ all the patrimony I can now bequeath
 ‘ him. May he keep their innocence from
 ‘ the temptations of want, and be their
 ‘ conductor in the paths of honour.’ I
 had scarce said these words, when a noise,
 like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed
 from the prison below ; it died away soon
 after, and a clanking of fetters was heard
 along the passage that led to my apartment.
 The keeper of the prison entered, holding
 a man all bloody, wounded and fettered
 with the heaviest irons. I looked with com-
 passion on the wretch as he approached me,
 but with horror when I found it was my
 own son.——‘ My George ! My George !
 ‘ and

‘ and do I behold thee thus. Wounded !
 ‘ Fettered ! Is this thy happiness ! Is this
 ‘ the manner you return to me ? O that
 ‘ this sight could break my heart at once
 ‘ and let me die !’

‘ Where, sir, is your fortitude ?’ re-
 turned my son with an intrepid voice. ‘ I
 ‘ must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let
 ‘ them take it.’

I tried to restrain my passions for a few
 minutes in silence, but I thought I should
 have died with the effort.——‘ O my boy,
 ‘ my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and
 ‘ I cannot, cannot help it. In the mo-
 ‘ ment that I thought thee blest, and
 ‘ prayed for thy safety, to behold thee
 ‘ thus again ! Chained, wounded. And
 ‘ yet the death of the youthful is happy.
 ‘ But I am old, a very old man, and have
 ‘ lived to see this day. To see my chil-
 ‘ dren all untimely falling about me, while

‘ I continue a wretched survivor in the
 ‘ midst of ruin ! May all the curses that
 ‘ ever sunk a soul fall heavy upon the
 ‘ murderer of my children. May he live,
 ‘ like me, to see——’

‘ Hold, Sir,’ replied my son, ‘ or I shall
 ‘ blush for thee. How, Sir, forgetful of
 ‘ your age, your holy calling, thus to ar-
 ‘rogate the justice of heaven, and fling
 ‘ those curses upward that must soon de-
 ‘ scend to crush thy own grey head with
 ‘ destruction ! No, Sir, let it be your care
 ‘ now to fit me for that vile death I must
 ‘ shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and
 ‘ resolution, to give me courage to drink
 ‘ of that bitterness which must shortly be
 ‘ my portion.’

‘ My child, you must not die : I am
 ‘ sure no offence of thine can deserve so
 ‘ vile a punishment. My George could
 ‘ never be guilty of any crime to make his
 ‘ ancestors ashamed of him.’

‘ Mine,

‘ Mine, Sir,’ returned my son, ‘ is, I
 ‘ fear, an unpardonable one. When I re-
 ‘ ceived my mother’s letter from home, I
 ‘ immediately came down, determined to
 ‘ punish the betrayer of our honour, and
 ‘ sent him an order to meet me, which he
 ‘ answered, not in person, but by his dis-
 ‘ patching four of his domestics to seize
 ‘ me. I wounded one who first assaulted
 ‘ me, and I fear desperately ; but the rest
 ‘ made me their prisoner. The coward
 ‘ is determined to put the law in execu-
 ‘ tion against me ; the proofs are unde-
 ‘ niable ; I have sent a challenge, and as
 ‘ I am the first transgressor upon the sta-
 ‘ tute, I see no hopes of pardon. But
 ‘ you have often charmed me with your
 ‘ lessons of fortitude ; let me now, Sir,
 ‘ find them in your example.’

‘ And, my son, you shall find them.
 ‘ I am now raised above this world, and

‘ all the pleasures it can produce. From
‘ this moment I break from my heart all
‘ the ties that held it down to earth, and
‘ will prepare to fit us both for eternity.
‘ Yes, my son, I will point out the way,
‘ and my soul shall guide yours in the as-
‘ cent, for we will take our flight toge-
‘ ther. I now see and am convinced you
‘ can expect no pardon here, and I can
‘ only exhort you to seek it at that greatest
‘ tribunal where we both shall shortly an-
‘ swer. But let us not be niggardly in our
‘ exhortation, but let all our fellow pri-
‘ soners have a share: good gaoler, let
‘ them be permitted to stand here, while
‘ I attempt to improve them.’ Thus say-
ing, I made an effort to rise from my
straw, but wanted strength, and was able
only to recline against the wall. The
prisoners assembled according to my di-
rections, for they loved to hear my coun-
sel; my son and his mother supported
me

me on either side ; I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

H 3

CHAP.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF JOHN DEFOE
BY JOHN DEFOE
IN TWO VOLUMES
LONDON: Printed by J. H. St. John, at the
Sign of the Crown, in St. Dunstons Church
Lane, 1703.

THE FIRST PART OF THE
LIFE OF JOHN DEFOE
FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS DEATH
IN THE YEAR 1703.

THE SECOND PART OF THE
LIFE OF JOHN DEFOE
FROM HIS DEATH TO THE PRESENT
TIME.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF JOHN DEFOE
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Lane, 1703.

C H A P. X.

The equal dealings of providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below. That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

MY friends, my children, and fellow sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for ; but we daily see thousands who by suicide shew us they have nothing

left to hope. In this life then it appears that we cannot be entirely blest; but yet we may be completely miserable.

Why man should thus feel pain, why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity, why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves? These are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy, and heaven seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are
very

very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of heaven. To religion then we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort; for if already we are hap-

py, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the wretched a change from pain.

But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The author of our religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend, and unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect that it is not in the power even of heaven-itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy
as

as to the miserable. To the first eternity is but a single blessing, since at most it but encreases what they already possess. To the latter it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

But providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smoothes the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, without possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure: he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before; for after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

Thus providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life, greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shews the equal dealings of heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to
aspire

aspire after it ; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter ; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

These are therefore the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind ; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living are not poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be

be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain! Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear; for if our reward be in this life alone, we are then indeed of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us; this light that only serves to shew the horrors of the place, those shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans,

groans, O my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss, to carrol over endless hymns of praise, to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes; when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be if we but try for them; and what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would
retard

retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours, and what is still a comfort, shortly too; for if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time, ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burthen laid by heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon, still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below;

low; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM BRADSHAW

AND HIS COMPANIES IN THE

EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH

WESTERN TERRITORY

IN THE YEAR 1805

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW

OF THE ARMY

AND HIS COMPANIES

IN THE

EXPEDITION TO THE

NORTH WESTERN

TERRITORY

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AND HIS COMPANIES

C H A P. XI.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty, observing that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again,

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopt at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the gaoler came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me, that my daughter was found. Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his Sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure.—‘Here, pappa,’ cried the charming girl, ‘here is the brave
‘man

‘ man to whom I owe my delivery ; to
 ‘ this gentleman’s intrepidity I am indebt-
 ‘ ed for my happiness and safety——’ A
 kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure
 seemed even greater than hers, interrupted
 what she was going to add.

‘ Ah, Mr. Burchell,’ cried I, ‘ this is
 ‘ but a wretched habitation you now find
 ‘ us in ; and we are now very different
 ‘ from what you last saw us. You were
 ‘ ever our friend : we have long discovered
 ‘ our errors with regard to you, and re-
 ‘ pented of our ingratitude. After the vile
 ‘ usage you then received at my hands, I
 ‘ am almost ashamed to behold your face ;
 ‘ yet I hope you’ll forgive me, as I was
 ‘ deceived by a base ungenerous wretch,
 ‘ who, under the mask of friendship, has
 ‘ undone me.’

‘ It is impossible,’ replied Mr. Burchell,
 ‘ that I should forgive you, as you never
 ‘ deserved

‘ deserved my resentment. I partly saw
 ‘ your delusion then, and as it was out of
 ‘ my power to restrain, I could only pity
 ‘ it!’

‘ It was ever my conjecture,’ cried I,
 ‘ that your mind was noble; but now I
 ‘ find it so. But tell me, my dear child,
 ‘ how hast thou been relieved, or who the
 ‘ ruffians were who carried thee away?’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘ as to the
 ‘ villain who carried me off, I am yet ig-
 ‘ norant. For as my mamma and I were
 ‘ walking out, he came behind us, and
 ‘ almost before I could call for help, for-
 ‘ ced me into the post-chaise, and in an in-
 ‘ stant the horses drove away. I met seve-
 ‘ ral on the road, to whom I cried out
 ‘ for assistance; but they disregarded my
 ‘ entreaties. In the mean time the ruffian
 ‘ himself used every art to hinder me from
 ‘ crying out: he flattered and threatened
 ‘ by

‘ by turns, and swore that if I continued
 ‘ but silent, he intended no harm. In the
 ‘ mean time I had broken the canvas that
 ‘ he had drawn up, and whom should I
 ‘ perceive at some distance but your old
 ‘ friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with
 ‘ his usual swiftness, with the great stick
 ‘ for which we used so much to ridicule
 ‘ him. As soon as we came within hear-
 ‘ ing, I called out to him by name, and
 ‘ entreated his help. I repeated my ex-
 ‘ clamations several times, upon which,
 ‘ with a very loud voice, he bid the pos-
 ‘ tillion stop ; but the boy took no notice,
 ‘ but drove on with still greater speed. I
 ‘ now thought he could never overtake us,
 ‘ when in less than a minute I saw Mr.
 ‘ Burchell come running up by the side of
 ‘ the horses, and with one blow knock
 ‘ the postillion to the ground. The horses
 ‘ when he was fallen soon stopt of them-
 ‘ selves, and the ruffian stepping out, with
 ‘ oaths and menaces drew his sword, and
 ‘ or-

‘ ordered him at his peril to retire; but
 ‘ Mr. Burchell running up, shivered his
 ‘ sword to pieces, and then pursued him
 ‘ for near a quarter of a mile; but he
 ‘ made his escape. I was at this time come
 ‘ out myself, willing to assist my deliverer;
 ‘ but he soon returned to me in triumph.
 ‘ The postillion, who was recovered, was
 ‘ going to make his escape too; but
 ‘ Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to
 ‘ mount again, and drive back to town.
 ‘ Finding it impossible to resist, he reluc-
 ‘ tantly complied, though the wound he
 ‘ had received seemed, to me at least, to
 ‘ be dangerous. He continued to com-
 ‘ plain of the pain as we drove along, so
 ‘ that he at last excited Mr. Burchell’s
 ‘ compassion, who, at my request, exchan-
 ‘ ged him for another at an inn where we
 ‘ called on our return.’

‘ Welcome, then,’ cried I, ‘ my child,
 ‘ and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand
 ‘ wel-

‘welcomes. Though our chear is but
 ‘wretched, yet our hearts are ready to
 ‘receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell,
 ‘as you have delivered my girl, if you
 ‘think her a recompence she is yours; if
 ‘you can stoop to an alliance with a fa-
 ‘mily so poor as mine, take her, obtain
 ‘her consent, as I know you have her
 ‘heart, and you have mine. And let me
 ‘tell you, Sir, that I give you no small
 ‘treasure; she has been celebrated for
 ‘beauty it is true, but that is not my
 ‘meaning, I give you up a treasure in her
 ‘mind.’

‘But, I suppose, Sir,’ cried Mr. Bur-
 chell, ‘that you are apprized of my cir-
 ‘cumstances, and of my incapacity to sup-
 ‘port her as she deserves?’

‘If your present objection,’ replied I,
 ‘be meant as an evasion of my offer, I
 ‘desist: but I know no man so worthy to
 ‘deserve her as you; and if I could give

‘ her thousands, and thousands fought her
 ‘ from me, yet my honest brave Burchell
 ‘ should be my dearest choice.’

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal, and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn, to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine; and some cordials for me. Adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once, and though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner, a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous, the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful, the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow prisoner, might be admitted, and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name were George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy

entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. ‘Come on,’ cried I, ‘my son, though we are fallen
 ‘very low, yet providence has been
 ‘pleased to grant us some small relaxation
 ‘from pain. Thy sister is restored to us,
 ‘and there is her deliverer: to that brave
 ‘man it is that I am indebted for yet
 ‘having a daughter; give him, my boy,
 ‘the hand of friendship, he deserves our
 ‘warmest gratitude.’

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at respectful distance.——‘My dear
 ‘brother,’ cried his sister, ‘why don’t you
 ‘thank my good deliverer? the brave
 ‘should ever love each other.’

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and assuming all his
 native

native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity ; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, ‘ I again find,’ said he, ‘ unthinking boy, that the same ‘ crime’—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler’s servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon.—‘ Bid ‘ the fellow wait,’ cried our guest, ‘ till ‘ I shall have leisure to receive him ;’ and then turning to my son, ‘ I again find, ‘ Sir,’ proceeded he, ‘ that you are guilty

‘ of the same offence for which you
 ‘ once had my reproof, and for which
 ‘ the law is now preparing its justest pu-
 ‘ nishments. You imagine, perhaps, that
 ‘ a contempt for your own life, gives you
 ‘ a right to take that of another: but
 ‘ where, Sir, is the difference between a
 ‘ duellist who hazards a life of no value,
 ‘ and the murderer who acts with greater
 ‘ security? Is it any diminution of the
 ‘ gamester’s fraud when he alleges that he
 ‘ has staked a counter?’

‘ Alas, Sir,’ cried I, ‘ whoever you
 ‘ are, pity the poor misguided creature;
 ‘ for what he has done was in obedience
 ‘ to a deluded mother, who in the bitter-
 ‘ ness of her resentment required him up-
 ‘ on her blessing to avenge her quarrel.
 ‘ Here, Sir, is the letter, which will serve
 ‘ to convince you of her imprudence, and
 ‘ diminish his guilt.’

He

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. ‘ This,’ says he, ‘ though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault, as induces me to forgive him. And now, Sir,’ continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, ‘ I see you are surpris’d at finding me here ; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father’s benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity round his fireside. My nephew has been apprised of my intentions of coming here, and I find is arriv’d ; it would be wronging him and you to condemn him without examination : if there be injury, there shall be redress ; and this I may say

I 4

‘ with-

‘ without boasting, that none have ever
‘ taxed the injustice of Sir William Thorn-
‘ hill.’

We now found the personage whom we had so long entertained as an harmless amusing companion was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction ; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension ; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

‘ Ah,

‘ Ah, Sir,’ cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, ‘ how is it possible that I can
 ‘ ever have your forgiveness ; the slights
 ‘ you received from me the last time I
 ‘ had the honour of seeing you at our
 ‘ house, and the jokes which I audaciously
 ‘ threw out, these jokes, Sir, I fear can
 ‘ never be forgiven.’

‘ My dear good lady,’ returned he with a smile, ‘ if you had your joke, I had my
 ‘ answer : I’ll leave it to all the company
 ‘ if mine were not as good as yours. To
 ‘ say the truth, I know nobody whom I
 ‘ am disposed to be angry with at pre-
 ‘ sent but the fellow who so frightened my
 ‘ little girl here. I had not even time to
 ‘ examine the rascal’s person so as to de-
 ‘ scribe him in an advertisement. Can
 ‘ you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether
 ‘ you should know him again?’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘ I can’t be
 ‘ positive ; yet now I recollect he had

‘ a large mark over one of his eye-brows.’
 ‘ I ask pardon, madam,’ interrupted Jen-
 kinson, who was by, ‘ but be so good as
 ‘ to inform me if the fellow wore his own
 ‘ red hair?’—‘ Yes, I think so,’ cried
 Sophia.—‘ And did your honour,’ con-
 tinued he, turning to Sir William, ‘ ob-
 ‘ serve the length of his legs?’—‘ I can’t
 ‘ be sure of their length,’ cried the Baro-
 net, ‘ but I am convinced of their swift-
 ‘ ness; for he out-ran me, which is what
 ‘ I thought few men in the kingdom
 ‘ could have done.’—‘ Please your ho-
 ‘ nour,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘ I know the
 ‘ man: it is certainly the same; the best
 ‘ runner in England; he has beaten Pin-
 ‘ wire of Newcastle, Timothy Baxter is
 ‘ his name, I know him perfectly, and
 ‘ the very place of his retreat this moment.
 ‘ If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler, let
 ‘ two of his men go with me, I’ll engage
 ‘ to produce him to you in an hour at far-
 ‘ theft.’ Upon this the gaoler was called,
 who

who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. ‘Yes, please your honour,’ replied the gaoler, ‘I know Sir William Thornhill well, and every body that knows any thing of him, will desire to know more of him.’—— ‘Well then,’ said the Baronet, ‘my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you.’—— ‘Your promise is sufficient,’ replied the other, ‘and you may at a minute’s warning send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit.’

In pursuance of the gaoler’s compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William’s neck in order to kiss him.

His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her; and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, ‘What, Bill, you chubby rogue,’ cried he, ‘do you remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick too, my honest veteran, are you here, you shall find I have not forgot you.’ So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler him-

himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour, with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

himself, and was willing to do our best
all the power in his power. But before
we had well dined, another notice was
brought from his nephew, offering per-
mission to appear, in order to vindicate
his innocence and honour, with which
respect the father complied, and desired
the children to be married.

Every one was very glad, and the
wedding was celebrated with great
splendor. The bride and groom were
married, and the ceremony was
performed with great solemnity.

The father was very happy, and
the children were all well. The
wedding was a great success, and
the father was very pleased with
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C H A P. XII.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. ‘No fawning, Sir, at present,’ cried the Baronet, with a look of severity, ‘the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, Sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompence for his hospitality, and he

‘he himself thrown into a prison perhaps
 ‘but for resenting the insult? His son
 ‘too, whom you feared to face as a
 ‘man——’

‘Is it possible, Sir,’ interrupted his
 nephew, ‘that my uncle could object
 ‘that as a crime which his repeated in-
 ‘structions alone have persuaded me to
 ‘avoid.’

‘Your rebuke,’ cried Sir William, ‘is
 ‘just; you have acted in this instance pru-
 ‘dently and well, though not quite as your
 ‘father would have done: my brother in-
 ‘deed was the soul of honour; but thou—
 ‘yes you have acted in this instance per-
 ‘fectly right, and it has my warmest ap-
 ‘probation.’

‘And I hope,’ said his nephew, ‘that
 ‘the rest of my conduct will not be found
 ‘to deserve censure. I appeared, Sir, with
 ‘this gentleman’s daughter at some places
 ‘of

‘ of public amusement ; thus what was
 ‘ levity, scandal called by a harsher name,
 ‘ and it was reported that I had debauch-
 ‘ ed her. I waited on her father in per-
 ‘ son, willing to clear the thing to his sa-
 ‘ tisfaction, and he received me only with
 ‘ insult and abuse. As for the rest, with
 ‘ regard to his being here, my attorney
 ‘ and steward can best inform you, as I
 ‘ commit the management of business en-
 ‘ tirely to them. If he has contracted
 ‘ debts and is unwilling or even unable to
 ‘ pay them, it is their business to proceed
 ‘ in this manner, and I see no hardship or
 ‘ injustice in pursuing the most legal means
 ‘ of redress.’

‘ If this,’ cried Sir William, ‘ be as
 ‘ you have stated it, there is nothing un-
 ‘ pardonable in your offence ; and though
 ‘ your conduct might have been more ge-
 ‘ nerous in not suffering this gentleman to
 ‘ be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet
 ‘ it has been at least equitable.’

‘ He

‘ He cannot contradict a single particu-
 ‘ lar,’ replied the ‘Squire, ‘ I defy him
 ‘ to do so, and several of my servants are
 ‘ ready to attest what I say. Thus, Sir,’
 continued he, finding that I was silent,
 for in fact I could not contradict him,
 ‘ thus, Sir, my own innocence is vindi-
 ‘ cated; but though at your intreaty I
 ‘ am ready to forgive this gentleman every
 ‘ other offence, yet his attempts to lessen
 ‘ me in your esteem, excite a resentment
 ‘ that I cannot govern. And this too at
 ‘ a time when his son was actually pre-
 ‘ paring to take away my life; this, I say,
 ‘ was such guilt, that I am determined to
 ‘ let the law take its course. I have here
 ‘ the challenge that was sent me, and two
 ‘ witnesses to prove it; one of my ser-
 ‘ vants has been wounded dangerously,
 ‘ and even though my uncle himself
 ‘ should dissuade me, which I know he will
 ‘ not, yet I will see public justice done, and
 ‘ he shall suffer for it.’

‘ Thou

‘Thou monster,’ cried my wife, ‘hast
‘thou not had vengeance enough already,
‘but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty?
‘I hope that good Sir William will pro-
‘tect us, for my son is as innocent as a
‘child; I am sure he is, and never did
‘harm to man.’

‘Madam,’ replied the good man, ‘your
‘wishes for his safety are not greater than
‘mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt
‘too plain; and if my nephew persists—’
But the appearance of Jenkinson and the
gaoler’s two servants now called off our
attention, who entered, haling in a tall
man, very genteely drest, and answering the
description already given of the ruffian who
had carried off my daughter——‘Here,’
cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, ‘here
‘we have him; and if ever there was a
‘candidate for Tyburn, this is one.’

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived
the prisoner, and Jenkinson, who had him
in custody, he seemed to shrink back with
terror.

terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopt him.—‘What, ’Squire,’ cried he, ‘are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? but this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour,’ continued he, turning to Sir William, ‘has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so dangerously wounded: He declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair, that he gave him the cloaths he now wears to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with the post-chaise. The plan was laid between them that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in in the meantime, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and then

‘ then he was to run off, by which Mr.
‘ Thornhill would have the better oppor-
‘ tunity of gaining her affections himself
‘ under the character of her defender.’

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

‘ Heavens,’ cried Sir William, ‘ what
‘ a viper have I been fostering in my bo-
‘ som! And so fond of public justice too
‘ as he seemed to be. But he shall have
‘ it; secure him, Mr. Gaoler—yet hold,
‘ I fear there is not legal evidence to de-
‘ tain him.’

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted
as

as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined.——‘Your
 ‘servants!’ replied Sir William; ‘wretch,
 ‘call them yours no longer: but come
 ‘let us hear what those fellows have to
 ‘say; let his butler be called.’

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master’s looks that all his power was now over. ‘Tell
 ‘me,’ cried Sir William sternly, ‘have
 ‘you ever seen your master and that fellow
 ‘drest up in his cloaths in company
 ‘together?’ ‘Yes, please your honour,’
 cried the butler, ‘a thousand times: he
 ‘was the man that always brought him
 ‘his ladies.’——‘How,’ interrupted young
 Mr. Thornhill, ‘this to my face!’——
 ‘Yes,’ replied the butler, ‘or to any man’s
 ‘face. To tell you a truth, Master Thorn-
 ‘hill, I never either loved you or liked
 ‘you, and I don’t care if I tell you now
 ‘a piece of my mind.’——‘Now then,’
 cried Jenkinson, ‘tell his honour whether
 ‘you

‘you know any thing of me.’——‘I can’t
 ‘say,’ replied the butler, ‘that I know
 ‘much good of you. The night that
 ‘gentleman’s daughter was deluded to
 ‘our house, you were one of them.’——
 ‘So then,’ cried Sir William, ‘I find you
 ‘have brought a very fine witness to prove
 ‘your innocence: thou stain to huma-
 ‘nity! to associate with such wretches!’
 (But continuing his examination) ‘You
 ‘tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the
 ‘person who brought him this old gen-
 ‘tleman’s daughter.’——‘No, please your
 ‘honour,’ replied the Butler, ‘he did not
 ‘bring her, for the Squire himself under-
 ‘took that business; but he brought the
 ‘priest that pretended to marry them.’——
 ‘It is but too true,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘I
 ‘cannot deny it, that was the employ-
 ‘ment assigned me, and I confess it to
 ‘my confusion.’

‘Good heavens!’ exclaimed the Baro-
 net, ‘how every new discovery of his vil-
 ‘lainy

‘lains alarms me. All his guilt is now
 ‘too plain, and I find his present prose-
 ‘cution was dictated by tyranny, cowar-
 ‘dice and revenge; at my request, Mr.
 ‘Gaoler, set this young officer, now your
 ‘prisoner, free, and trust to me for the
 ‘consequences. I’ll make it my business
 ‘to set the affair in a proper light to my
 ‘friend the magistrate who has committed
 ‘him. But where is the unfortunate
 ‘young lady herself? let her appear to
 ‘confront this wretch; I long to know
 ‘by what arts he has seduced her.
 ‘Entreat her to come in. Where is
 ‘she?’

‘Ah, Sir,’ said I, ‘that question stings
 ‘me to the heart: I was once indeed hap-
 ‘py in a daughter, but her miseries——’
 Another interruption here prevented me;
 for who should make her appearance but
 Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day
 to have been married to Mr. Thornhill.
 Nothing could equal her surprize at seeing
 Sir

Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town, on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there from the window that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprize but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives. How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed. The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty. 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill,' cried she to the 'Squire, who she supposed was come here to succour and not to oppress us, 'I take it a little unkindly that you should come here with-
 ' out

‘out me, or never inform me of the situ-
 ‘ation of a family so dear to us both: you
 ‘know I should take as much pleasure in
 ‘contributing to the relief of my reve-
 ‘rend old master here, whom I shall ever
 ‘esteem, as you can. But I find that,
 ‘like your uncle, you take a pleasure in
 ‘doing good in secret.’

‘He find pleasure in doing good!’ cri-
 ed Sir William, interrupting her. ‘No,
 ‘my dear, his pleasures are as base as he
 ‘is. You see in him, madam, as com-
 ‘plete a villain as ever disgraced humanity.
 ‘A wretch, who, after having deluded this
 ‘poor man’s daughter, after plotting
 ‘against the innocence of her sister, has
 ‘thrown the father into prison, and the
 ‘eldest son into fetters, because he had
 ‘courage to face his betrayer. And give
 ‘me leave, madam, now to congratulate
 ‘you upon an escape from the embraces
 ‘of such a monster.’

‘ O goodness,’ cried the lovely girl,
 ‘ how have I been deceived ! Mr. Thorn-
 ‘ hill informed me for certain, that this
 ‘ gentleman’s eldest son, Captain Primrose,
 ‘ was gone off to America with his new-
 ‘ married lady.’

‘ My sweetest miss,’ cried my wife,
 ‘ he has told you nothing but falsehoods.
 ‘ My son George never left the kingdom,
 ‘ nor never was married. Tho’ you have
 ‘ forsaken him, he has always loved you
 ‘ too well to think of any body else ; and
 ‘ I have heard him say he would die a ba-
 ‘ chelor for your sake.’ She then pro-
 ceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of
 her son’s passion, she set his duel with
 Mr. Thornhill in a proper light, from
 thence she made a rapid digression to the
 ‘Squire’s debaucheries, his pretended mar-
 riages, and ended with a most insulting
 picture of his cowardice.

‘ Good

‘ Good heavens !’ cried Miss Wilmot,
 ‘ how very near have I been to the brink
 ‘ of ruin ! But how great is my pleasure
 ‘ to have escaped it ! Ten thousand false-
 ‘ hoods has this gentleman told me ! He
 ‘ had at last art enough to persuade me
 ‘ that my promise to the only man I
 ‘ esteemed was no longer binding, since
 ‘ he had been unfaithful. By his false-
 ‘ hoods I was taught to detest one equally
 ‘ brave and generous !’

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now therefore entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and, without vanity, (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome

a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—‘ Sure, ‘ madam,’ cried he, ‘ this is but delusion ! ‘ I can never have merited this ! To be ‘ blest thus is to be too happy.’——‘ No, ‘ Sir,’ replied she, ‘ I have been deceived, ‘ basely deceived, else nothing could have ‘ ever made me unjust to my promise. ‘ You know my friendship, you have long ‘ known it ; but forget what I have done, ‘ and as you once had my warmest vows
‘ of

‘ of constancy, you shall now have them
 ‘ repeated; and be assured that if your
 ‘ Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never
 ‘ be another’s.’—‘ And no other’s you shall
 ‘ be,’ cried Sir William, ‘ if I have any
 ‘ influence with your father.’

This hint was sufficient for my son
 Moses, who immediately flew to the inn
 where the old gentleman was, to inform
 him of every circumstance that had hap-
 pened. But in the mean time the ‘Squire
 perceiving that he was on every side un-
 done, now finding that no hopes were left
 from flattery or dissimulation, concluded
 that his wisest way would be to turn and
 face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all
 shame, he appeared the open hardy vil-
 lain. ‘ I find then,’ cried he, ‘ that I am
 ‘ to expect no justice here; but I am re-
 ‘ solved it shall be done me. You shall
 ‘ know, Sir,’ turning to Sir William, ‘ I

‘ am no longer a poor dependant upon
 ‘ your favours. I scorn them. Nothing
 ‘ can keep Miss Wilmot’s fortune from
 ‘ me, which, I thank her father’s assidu-
 ‘ ity, is pretty large. The articles, and
 ‘ a bond for her fortune, are signed, and
 ‘ safe in my possession. It was her for-
 ‘ tune, not her person, that induced me
 ‘ to wish for this match; and possessed of
 ‘ the one, let who will take the other.’

This was an alarming blow: Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot therefore perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him. ‘ Though for-
 ‘ tune,’ said she, ‘ is out of my power, at
 ‘ least I have my hand to give.’

‘ And

‘ And that, madam,’ cried her real lover,
 ‘ was indeed all that you ever had to give ;
 ‘ at least all that I ever thought worth the
 ‘ acceptance. And I now protest, my
 ‘ Arabella, by all that’s happy, your want
 ‘ of fortune this moment encreases my plea-
 ‘ sure, as it serves to convince my sweet
 ‘ girl of my sincerity.’

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter’s fortune was wormwood. He sat therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying

speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety.—‘ I must confess, Sir,’ cried he, ‘ that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. ‘ Your immoderate passion for wealth is ‘ now justly punished. But tho’ the young ‘ lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here ‘ you see an honest young soldier, who is ‘ willing to take her without fortune; they ‘ have long loved each other, and for the ‘ friendship I bear his father, my interest ‘ shall not be wanting in his promotion. ‘ Leave then that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance.’

‘ Sir William,’ replied the old gentleman, ‘ be assured I never yet forced her ‘ inclinations, nor will I now. If she still ‘ continues to love this young gentleman, ‘ let her have him with all my heart. ‘ There is still, thank heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it ‘ some-

‘ something more. Only let my old
 ‘ friend here (meaning me) give me a pro-
 ‘ mise of settling six thousand pounds
 ‘ upon my girl, if ever he should come
 ‘ to his fortune, and I am ready this
 ‘ night to be the first to join them toge-
 ‘ ther.’

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required, which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other’s arms in a transport. ‘ After all my misfortunes,’ cried my son George, ‘ to be thus re-
 ‘ warded! Sure this is more than I could
 ‘ ever have presumed to hope for. To
 ‘ be possessed of all that’s good, and after
 ‘ such an interval of pain! My warmest
 ‘ wishes could never rise so high!’——
 ‘ Yes, my George,’ returned his lovely
 K 6 bride,

bride, ‘ now let the wretch take my for-
 ‘ tune ; since you are happy without it so
 ‘ am I. O what an exchange have I made
 ‘ from the basest of men to the dearest
 ‘ best !—Let him enjoy our fortune, I now
 ‘ can be happy even in indigence.’——
 ‘ And I promise you,’ cried the ‘Squire,
 with a malicious grin, ‘ that I shall be
 ‘ very happy with what you despise.’——
 ‘ Hold, hold, Sir,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘ there
 ‘ are two words to that bargain. As for
 ‘ that lady’s fortune, Sir, you shall never
 ‘ touch a single stiver of it. Pray your
 ‘ honour,’ continued he to Sir William,
 ‘ can the ‘Squire have this lady’s fortune
 ‘ if he be married to another?’——‘ How
 ‘ can you make such a simple demand?’
 replied the Baronet, ‘ undoubtedly he
 ‘ cannot.’——‘ I am sorry for that,’ cried
 Jenkinson ; ‘ for as this gentleman and
 ‘ I have been old fellow sporters, I have a
 ‘ friendship for him. But I must declare,
 ‘ well as I love him, that his contract is
 ‘ not

‘ not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is
 ‘ married already.’——‘ You lie, like a
 ‘ rascal,’ returned the ‘ Squire, who seemed
 roused by this insult ; ‘ I never was legally
 ‘ married to any woman.’——‘ Indeed,
 ‘ begging your honour’s pardon,’ replied
 the other, ‘ you were ; and I hope you
 ‘ will shew a proper return of friendship
 ‘ to your own honest Jenkinson, who
 ‘ brings you a wife, and if the company
 ‘ restrains their curiosity a few minutes,
 ‘ they shall see her.’——So saying he went
 off with his usual celerity, and left us all
 unable to form any probable conjecture
 as to his design.——‘ Ay let him go,’
 cried the ‘ Squire ; ‘ whatever else I may
 ‘ have done I defy him there. I am too
 ‘ old now to be frightened with squibs.’

‘ I am surpris’d,’ said the Baronet, ‘ what
 ‘ the fellow can intend by this. Some
 ‘ low piece of humour I suppose !’——
 ‘ Perhaps, Sir,’ replied I, ‘ he may have
 ‘ a more

‘ a more serious meaning. For when we
 ‘ reflect on the various schemes this gen-
 ‘ tleman has laid to seduce innocence,
 ‘ perhaps some one more artful than the
 ‘ rest has been found able to deceive him.
 ‘ When we consider what numbers he has
 ‘ ruined, how many parents now feel with
 ‘ anguish the infamy and the contamina-
 ‘ tion which he has brought into their fa-
 ‘ milies, it would not surprise me if some
 ‘ one of them——Amazement ! Do I see
 ‘ my lost daughter ! Do I hold her ! It
 ‘ is, it is my life, my happiness. I thought
 ‘ thee lost, my Olivia, yet still I hold thee,
 ‘ —and still thou shalt live to bless me.’

The warmest transports of the fondest
 lover were not greater than mine when
 I saw him introduce my child, and held
 my daughter in my arms, whose silence
 only spoke her raptures. ‘ And art thou
 ‘ returned to me, my darling,’ cried I,
 ‘ to be my comfort in age !’——‘ That
 ‘ she is,’ cried Jenkinson, ‘ and make much
 ‘ of

‘ of her, for she is your own honourable
 ‘ child, and as honest a woman as any in
 ‘ the whole room, let the other be who
 ‘ she will. And as for you ‘Squire, as sure
 ‘ as you stand there, this young lady is
 ‘ your lawful wedded wife. And to con-
 ‘ vince you that I speak nothing but truth,
 ‘ here is the licence by which you were
 ‘ married together.’——So saying, he put
 the licence into the Baronet’s hands, who
 read it, and found it perfect in every
 respect. ‘ And now, gentlemen,’ con-
 tinued he, ‘ I find you are surpris’d at all
 ‘ this; but a few words will explain the
 ‘ difficulty. That there ‘Squire of renown,
 ‘ for whom I have a great friendship, but
 ‘ that’s between ourselves, has often em-
 ‘ ployed me in doing odd little things for
 ‘ him. Among the rest, he commissioned
 ‘ me to procure him a false licence and a
 ‘ false priest, in order to deceive this
 ‘ young lady. But as I was very much
 ‘ his friend, what did I do but went and
 ‘ got

‘ got a true licence and a true priest, and
 ‘ married them both as fast as the cloth
 ‘ could make them. Perhaps you’ll think
 ‘ it was generosity that made me do all
 ‘ this. But no. To my shame I confess it,
 ‘ my only design was to keep the licence
 ‘ and let the ’Squire know that I could
 ‘ prove it upon him whenever I thought
 ‘ proper, and so make him come down
 ‘ whenever I wanted money.’ A burst of
 pleasure now seemed to fill the whole
 apartment; our joy reached even to the
 common room, where the prisoners them-
 selves sympathized,

And shook their chains

In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every
 face, and even Olivia’s cheek seemed
 flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored
 to reputation, to friends and fortune at
 once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the
 progress of decay and restore former
 health and vivacity. But perhaps among
 all

all there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear-loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. ‘How
‘ could you,’ cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkinson, ‘ how could you add to my
‘ miseries by the story of her death? But
‘ it matters not; my pleasure at finding
‘ her again, is more than a recompence for
‘ the pain.’

‘ As to your question,’ replied Jenkinson, ‘ that is easily answered. I thought
‘ the only probable means of freeing you
‘ from prison, was by submitting to the
‘ ‘Squire, and consenting to his marriage
‘ with the other young lady. But these
‘ you had vowed never to grant while
‘ your daughter was living; there was
‘ therefore no other method to bring things
‘ to bear but by persuading you that she
‘ was dead. I prevailed on your wife to
‘ join in the deceit, and we have not had
‘ a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till
‘ now.’

In

In the whole assembly now there only appeared two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him: he now saw the gulph of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, 'Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude,' cried he, 'deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken, a bare competence shall be supplied, to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future.' He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the

Baronet

Baronet prevented him by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to chuse one such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife too kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that

that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. ‘I think
 ‘now,’ cried he, with a smile, ‘that all
 ‘the company, except one or two, seem
 ‘perfectly happy. There only remains
 ‘an act of justice for me to do. You are
 ‘sensible, Sir,’ continued he, turning to me, ‘of the obligations we both owe Mr.
 ‘Jenkinson. And it is but just we should
 ‘both reward him for it. Miss Sophia
 ‘will, I am sure, make him very happy,
 ‘and he shall have from me five hundred
 ‘pounds as her fortune, and upon this I
 ‘am sure they can live very comfortably
 ‘together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say
 ‘you to this match of my making? Will
 ‘you have him?’——My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother’s arms at the hideous proposal.—‘Have him, Sir!’ cried she faintly. ‘No, Sir, never.’——
 ‘What,’ cried he again, ‘not have Mr.
 ‘Jenkinson, your benefactor, a hand-
 ‘some

‘ some young fellow, with five hundred
 ‘ pounds and good expectations !’——‘ I
 ‘ beg, Sir,’ returned she, scarce able to
 speak, ‘ that you’ll desist, and not make
 ‘ me so very wretched.’——‘ Was ever
 ‘ such obstinacy known,’ cried he again,
 ‘ to refuse a man whom the family has such
 ‘ infinite obligations to, who has preserved
 ‘ your sister, and who has five hundred
 ‘ pounds ! What not have him !’——
 ‘ No, Sir, never,’ replied she, angrily,
 ‘ I’d sooner die first.’——‘ If that be the
 ‘ case then,’ cried he, ‘ if you will not
 ‘ have him—I think I must have you my-
 ‘ self.’ And so saying, he caught her to
 his breast with ardour. ‘ My loveliest,
 ‘ my most sensible of girls,’ cried he, ‘ how
 ‘ could you ever think your own Burchell
 ‘ could deceive you, or that Sir William
 ‘ Thornhill could ever cease to admire a
 ‘ mistress that loved him for himself alone ?
 ‘ I have for some years sought for a woman,
 ‘ who a stranger to my fortune could think
 ‘ that

‘ that I had merit as a man. After hav-
 ‘ ing tried in vain, even amongst the pert
 ‘ and the ugly, how great at last must be
 ‘ my rapture to have made a conquest
 ‘ over such sense and such heavenly beau-
 ‘ ty.’ Then turning to Jenkinson, ‘ As I
 ‘ cannot, Sir, part with this young lady
 ‘ myself, for she has taken a fancy to the
 ‘ cut of my face, all the recompence I
 ‘ can make is to give you her fortune,
 ‘ and you may call upon my steward to-
 ‘ morrow for five hundred pounds.’ Thus
 we had all our compliments to repeat, and
 Lady Thornhill underwent the same round
 of ceremony that her sister had done be-
 fore. In the mean time Sir William’s
 gentleman appeared to tell us that the
 equipages were ready to carry us to the
 inn, where every thing was prepared for
 our reception. My wife and I led the van,
 and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow.
 The generous Baronet ordered forty pounds
 to be distributed among the prisoners, and

Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw, and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

C H A P. XIII.

The Conclusion.

TH E next morning as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bedside, who came to encrease my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my

Vol. II. L doubts.

doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me that as he had the night before sent for the licences, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned, and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we
were

were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted, that Lady Thornhill, (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, 'I perceive,' cried I, 'that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day.'—This at once reduced them to reason. The Baronet and his Lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea apiece to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was drest by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus, when we were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides, but the debate

debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed, that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table and carving all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember, old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over,

according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a chearful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for, all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

F I N I S.



Goldsmith, Oliver, 1728-1774

The Vicar Of Wakefield A Tale

Bd.: 2

London 1770

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